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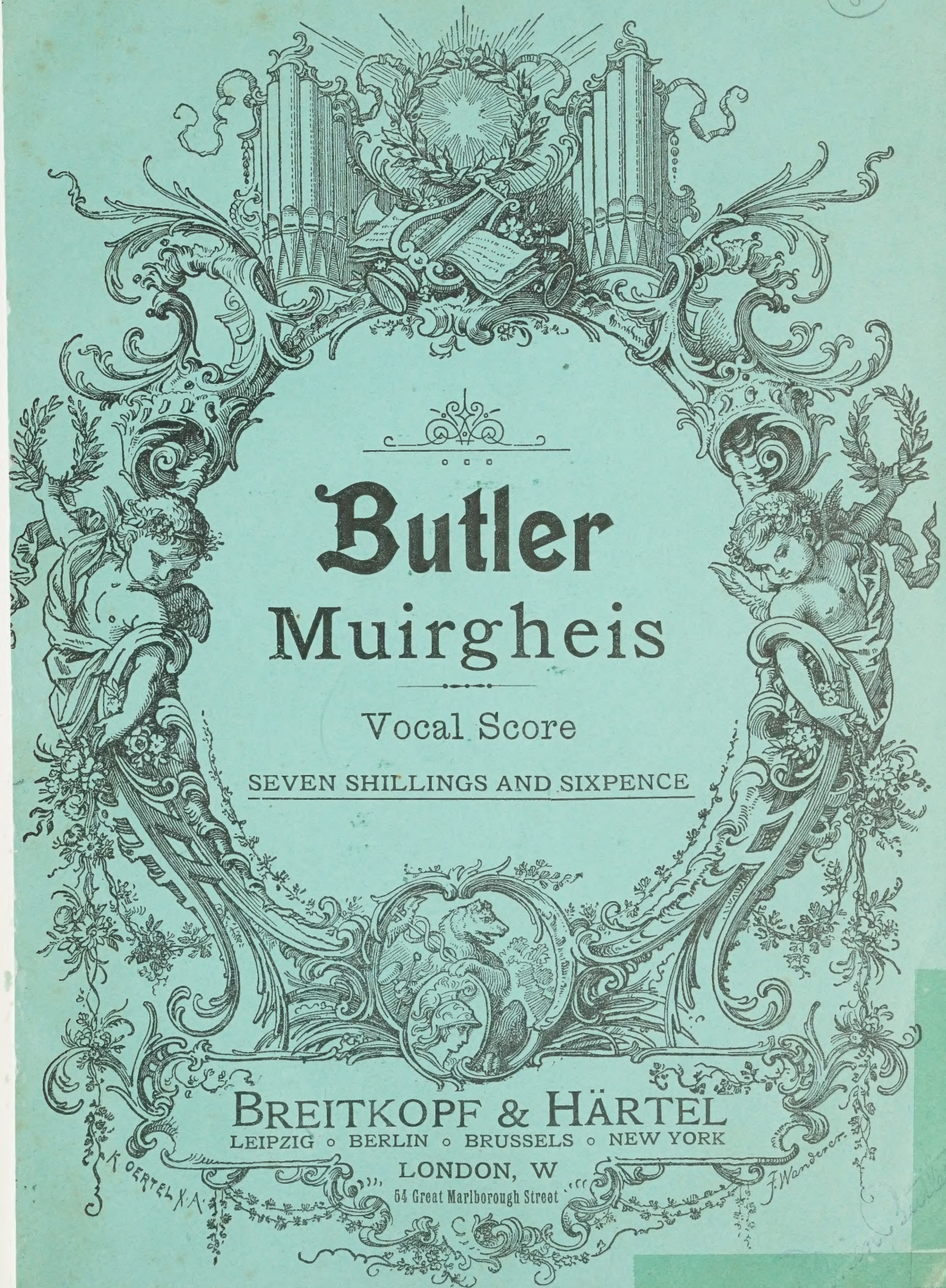

Butler

Muirgheis

Vocal Score

SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL
LEIPZIG ◦ BERLIN ◦ BRUSSELS ◦ NEW YORK
LONDON, W
64 Great Marlborough Street

TO

CLANN NA h-EIREANN

MUIRGHEIS

(THE FIRST IRISH OPERA)
IN THREE ACTS

ENGLISH WORDS BY

NORA CHESSON

RISH TRANSLATION BY THADGH O'DONOGHUE

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

O'BRIEN BUTLER

NOT MORE THAN TWO NUMBERS FROM THE OPERA
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CHARACTERS

THE O'GNEEVE, Chief of Glenmore . . . . . *Baritone.*
DIARMUID, Chief of Iveragh. . . . . *Tenor.*
HUGH DALL, a blind Harper . . . . . *Baritone.*
CROGHAN, an attendant to Diarmuid . . . . . *Tenor.*
DONN OF THE SAND HILLS, Fairy King . . . . . *Bass.*
MAIRE, Foster-sister to Muirgheis . . . . . *Contralto.*
MUIRGHEIS, daughter of the O'Gneeve and Bride of Diarmuid . . . . . *Soprano.*
Chorus of Peasants, Wedding Guests, and Sea-fairies.

SCENE OF ACTION.

Act. I. A sea-shore representing Muireagh's strand Waterville on the Coast of Kerry.

Act. II. O'Gneeve's Hall.

Act. III. Scene I.
A well at the edge of a wood in Background.

Scene II.
O'Gneeve's Hall.

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ARGUMENT.

The scene of the opera is laid in Waterville on the Coast of Kerry, Ireland at the dawn of Christianity. Muirgheis and her foster-sister Maire are both in love with Diarmuid, a neighbouring chieftain. Diarmuid returns the love of Muirgheis, and Maire filled with jealous hate, calls upon Donn of the Sand Hills a fairy King of the seacoast, to carry off Muirgheis to Tir-na-n'og (Fairyland). Donn consents, but warns Maire that if she asks another request of him it will involve her own death. He gives Maire an enchanted branch of quicken and tells her that if Muirgheis touches it even with finger tips she comes immediately under his power. Maire weaves this branch into a wedding wreath which she places on Muirgheis' head at the Marriage feast, whereupon Muirgheis is carried off by Donn. Diarmuid is in a passion of despair, but refuses to be comforted by Maire, who seeing her efforts fruitless, is stricken with remorse.

She again calls upon Donn, knowing the penalty she incurs, and requests him to restore Muirgheis. Donn consents, but enraged at the action of Maire, he dooms her to be changed after death, into a sea-wave. Muirgheis is restored, but her mind is blank, for it is a tradition in Kerry that if people return from Fairyland they are soulless and without memory until they shed tears. Diarmuid approaches, but she does not greet him. All her friends try in vain to awaken her recollection. At length the name of Maire seems to penetrate the spell. The dead body of her foster-sister is brought in and Muirgheis bursts into tears and her soul returns.

NOTE.

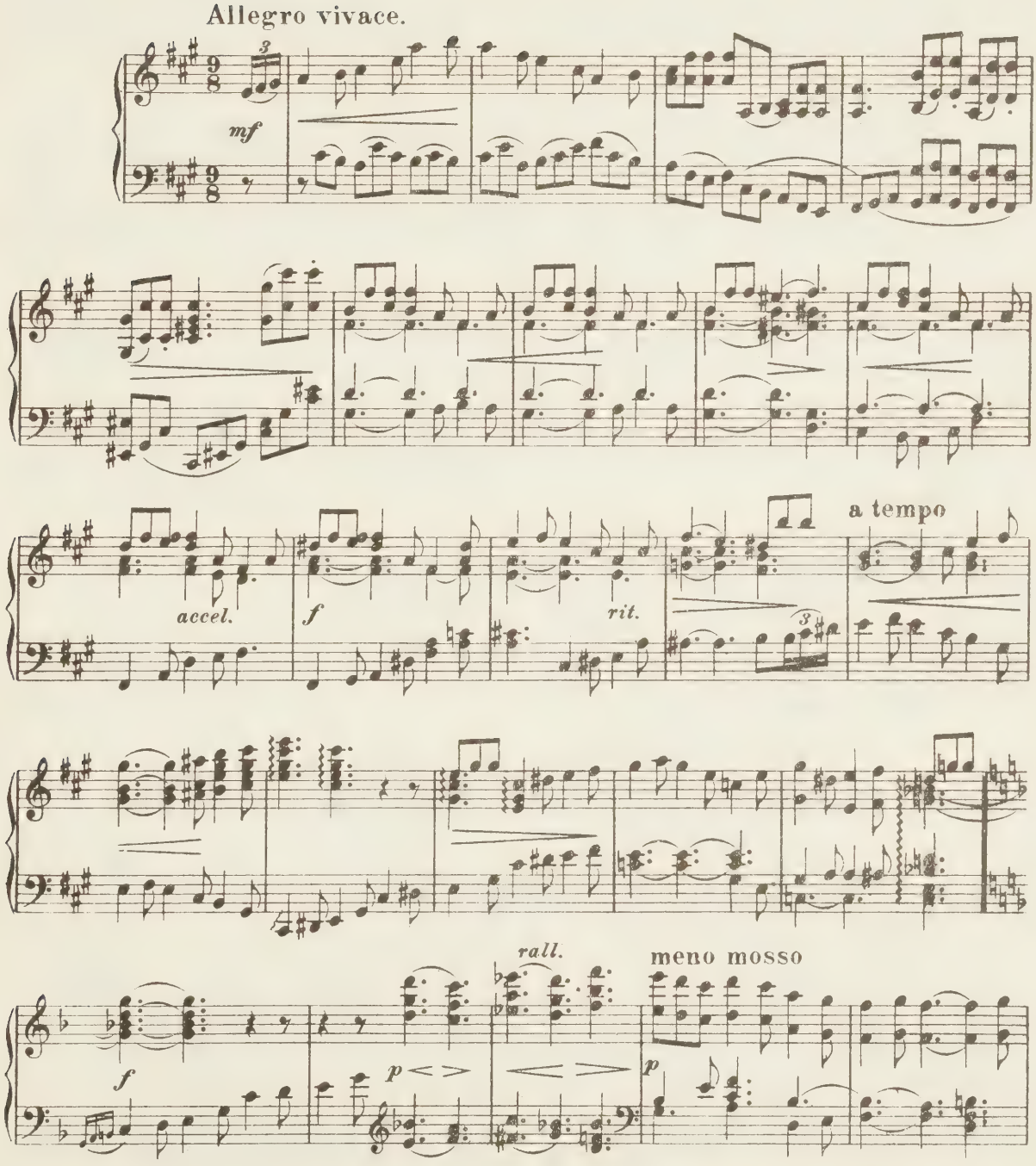
The plot of this opera was planned by the Composer himself, the idea being to weave the story of his first opera around the scenes of his childhood, in and about his Native place, with all the local colour possible. The plot was further developed by the late Nora Chesson, and Mr. George Moore. The Composer is indebted to Mr. Alexander Moring for permission to use the English words with the Irish translation, in concert programmes, book of words, and public performances of the opera, as well as in the vocal score. The opera was first produced at the Theatre Royal Dublin, with great success, the composer conducting, on 7th Dec., 1903.

Muirgheis

The first Irish Opera in three Acts.

English words by Nora Chesson.
Irish translation by Thadgh O'Donoghue.
Music by O'Brien Butler.

Overture.



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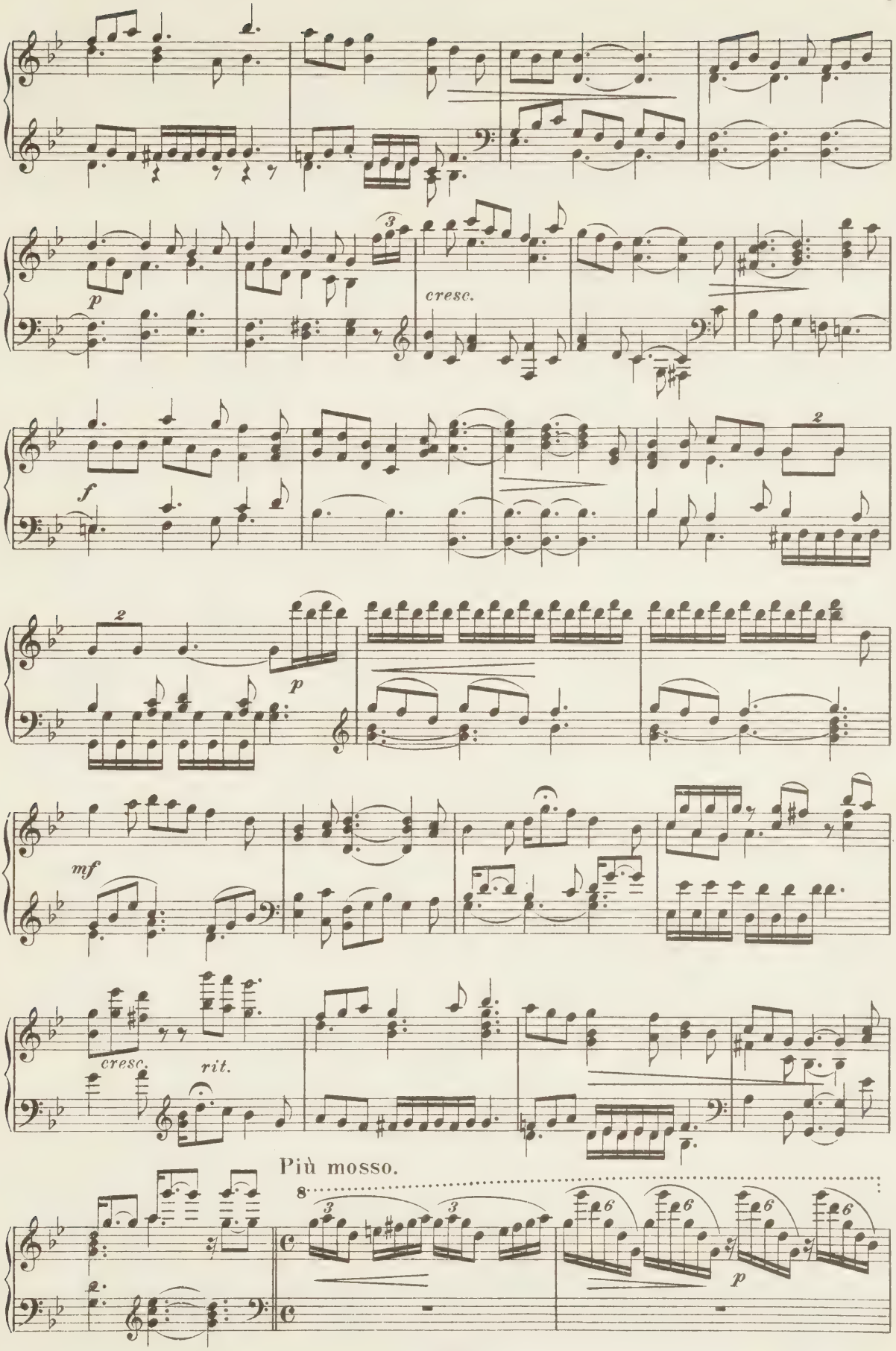
cresc.
f
p
Allegro vivace.
sf
stringendo
cresc.
a tempo
ff
Andante.
tr
p espressivo
cresc.
rit.


p
cresc.
f
p
mf
cresc.
rit.
Più mosso.
p

mf
Allegretto.
mf
mf
f
cresc.
mf
Moderato.
p
con tenerezza
p

p
mf
p
mf
p
Allegro.
mf
sf
1.
2.

meno mosso
ff
f
p
tr
p
tr
ff
ff
ritard.
rit.
Allegro Vivace.
mf
f
8
tr
p Presto.
tr
cresc.
f
ff
f

An Ċeaḋ Ḋuḟoṁ

An ċéaḋ Raḋapt: Traiġ na Mapa Riabaiċe,
Loċ an Coipeáin Ap i meallaiḃ Ċiappuiḋe.

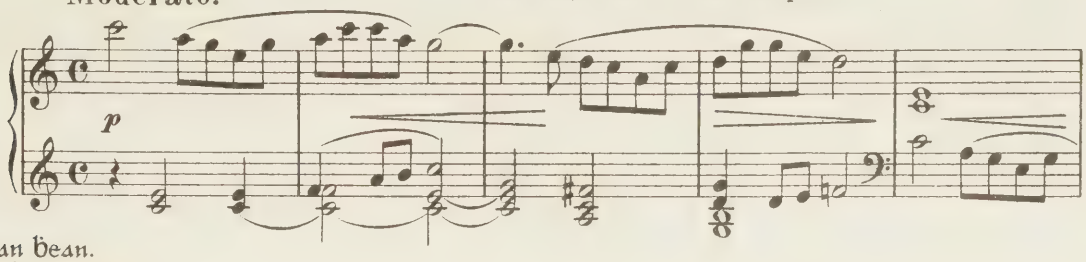
Taġann pompt ḋaoine isteaċ, sean ḋuine, seanḃean, cailín óġ 7 Aoḋ Ḋall. Cputaipe caoċ.

Act I.
Scene I.

Muireagh strand Waterville, Co: Kerry.

Enter some peasants, an old man, an old woman, a girl, and Hugh Dall, a blind Harper.

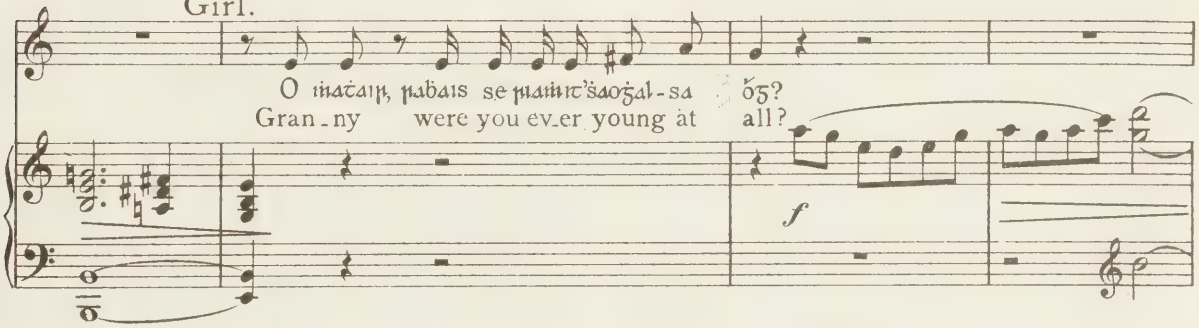
Moderato.



Sean bean.
Old woman.

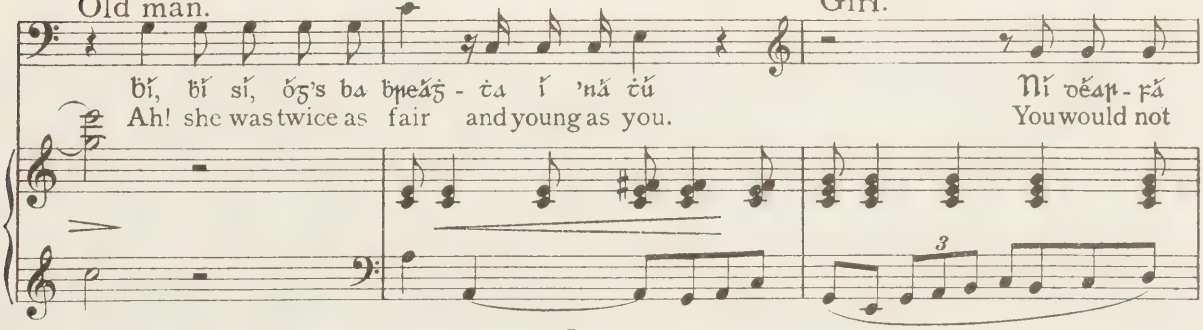
sciṫ Map tá mo ċosa tnáiṫe ó suiḃal na tṁáġa Doḃ ḟaḋpomuaip ḋo puiṫpinn tpíṫi ṁás
breath, My feet are weary of the silver sands, That once I frolicked over like a wave.
fp
f

Cailín.
Girl.



Sean Duine.
Old man.

Cailín.
Girl.



Sean Duine.
Old man.
siúd dá mbeitea féinig óg
say so if your eyes were young.
Acht inn-sid éit-eac
Young lips can lie, though.
Sean bean.
Old woman.
O sead
Ah! Shaun,
tá'n ceart ai-ci
but she is right
táimid chomtha 'naois do lag ar radarc do
we are grown old, in deed. Our eyes are dim Our
cuir sinn cúl le gréin, is terbeann ár scáil
backs are to the sun, our shadows go,
a-mach uainn romainn is tá ár g-cnocáin díinn
A-head of us, and all our hills are climbed.
Sean Duine.
Old man.
Sé'n óige an rud is cruaide dá bfuil san t-saogal
Youth is the har-dest thing in all the world.
Sean bean.
Old woman.
Duilleóga glas-a is spunc is dál-ta duinn Is bíonn an óige ag feuc-aint roim-pi
What have green leaves in common with dead spunk? The young folk look a-head in-to the
cresc.

spring. May be we flouted the grey heads our - selves; And laughed because the
old eyes could not see. More than the graves out on church Island there.
Is cruaiḋ i - gcoṁ-nuiḋe bíonn an óige a ṁic
Young hearts are hard hearts ever - y where a - vick!
Caitlín.
Girl.
Aoḋ Dall.
Hugh Dall.
Who talks of dim eyes with a blind man here?
This blind man
Caitlín.
Girl.
Aoḋ.
Hugh.
dall so saoġal nach léir duit féin
sees a world shut out from you.
An bhfuil ḋúinn feiscint? bhfuil fairḋ beagsa beó
A world worth seeing? Ah! so fair a world, That no one
cresc.

Più andante.
Aodh.
Hugh.
who has eyes shall pi - ty me.
Rose of the world she has chosen me, Out of the world full of men that see, She
fills my dark with a core of light, When the neigh-bours think I am steeped in night.
Rose of the world they have words ga - lore (For wide's the swing of my mother's door), But their
voice blows by me like blow-ing rain, For they know not joy if they know not pain.
rit.
cresc.
colla voce

mf
bláth gein na n-áth - ann is
Rose of the world, the—
fp
fp
fp
p
fear im dóit chorde bhis - eadh ro' dhéro - se 'na séan beag sogail Ná'n
grief you give Is worth all—prayers a— man may outlive, Is
fp
f
uth - nide a déan - ai - dís béicse an nóin ins an oíche tar éis an
worth all—prayers that the col - leens say On the night that darkens the
mf
f
rit.
mf
Lae n-ar pós. bláth - gein an dom - ain uc labh' - dís leo Act
wedding-day. Rose of the world, they may talk their fill, But
mf
p
rit.
tairb - bhim go bhádh is táim beo fós Cuir-id daoi - ne síos ar a
dreams are good and my life stands still, While their lives' red ash - es the
rit.
p cresc.
colla voce

n-gníomarta úd roinn ls mo tarð - bheann ar gnaoi glan mo chaoibín chó
gos - sips blow, And I dream of your beau-ty, "Mo creevin cno!"
f
f rit.
p
Caitlín.
Girl. Moderato.
Cad é an gnaoi seo cir théð' dail-le Aoð?
What is this Beauty that your darkness sees?
f
p
sf
Aoð.
Hugh.
Ní feadaim innsint duit. Tán chuit as chað mochoide 'smo chuite ar - aon, tán 'spéir as
I cannot tell you now I'm out of tune Heart strings and harp strings both, and all the
cresc.
Caitlín.
Girl.
dubað Ní fada an báisteach uainn anois dar liom Ní'l comarta fhice in - éan - cor ins an
air Is changed to me as if a storm was nigh There is no look of storm in all the
sf
sf
Aoð.
Hugh.
spéir I gcroið-cib daoine tá 'gus comhgrach duit Do - chím - se gnúis a - nois is
sky. The storm is in men's hearts then and 'tis near, I see a face now and I
p
cresc.

Caitlín.
Girl.

clois - im céim duin'éig - int cuigainn-e ag trácht mar béad ag siúbal ar sneachtaíd N'fheicim
hear a step, As soft as Hat-red, go-ing on its way snow footed. Here is

Aodh.
Hugh.

aoinne act sinn féin Tá Fuat ag teacht is stóin is seo cuigainn í.
no one but our selves. I tell you Hatred comes and she is here.

Máire.
Maire.

Maire enters here.

An fanfaidh ar-an lánamain tá baile-se'nn-so
Do you wait here to see the bride pass by?

cresc.

tá sé fós lu-at Tá sí ag urnuidhe fós I séipéal Lóch-pa tall ar
You are too ear-ly, she is still at prayer Yon-der in Loh-er chapel

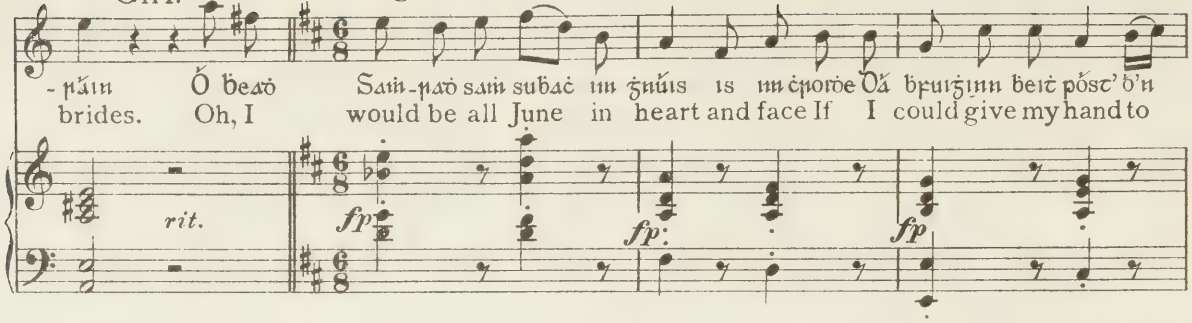
Sean bean.
Old woman.

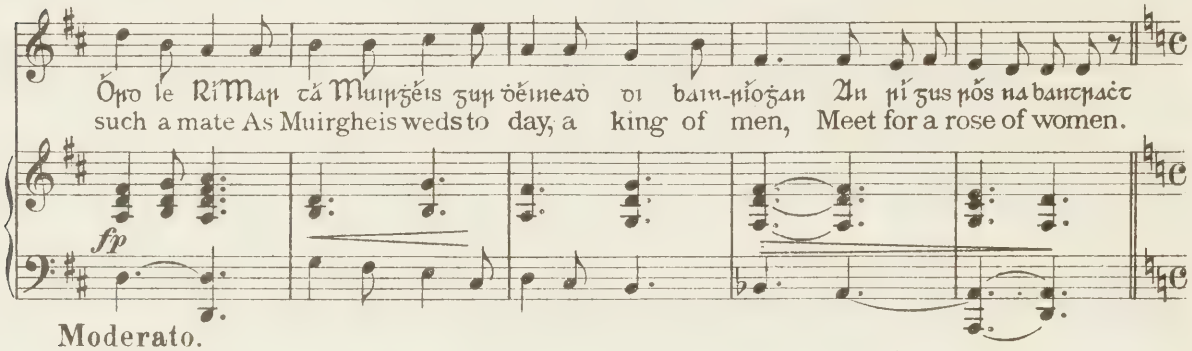
Máire.
Maire.

bárr an chnuic An mait di? Tá n-a gnúis gealspéin Ab -
on the hill. How looks she? With the April face of

Caitlín.
Girl.

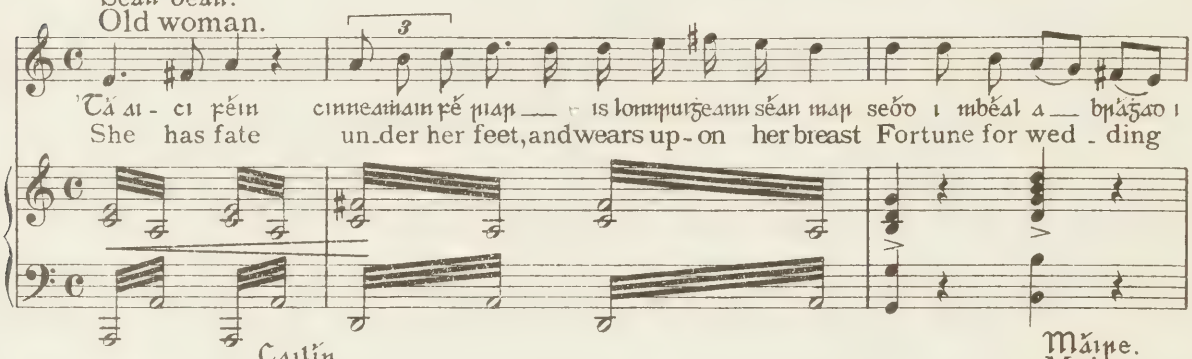
Allegro moderato.


-páin Ó beaḋ Saṁ-naḋ saṁ subaċ im ġnúis is im ċroiḋe Dá bruiġinn beiṫ pósc' ó'n
brides. Oh, I would be all June in heart and face If I could give my hand to
rit.
fp
fp
fp


Óiro le Ri Mar tá Muirġéis ġur ḋéineaḋ oi bain-ríoġan An rí gus nós na bantracṫ
such a mate As Muirgheis weds to day, a king of men, Meet for a rose of women.
fp

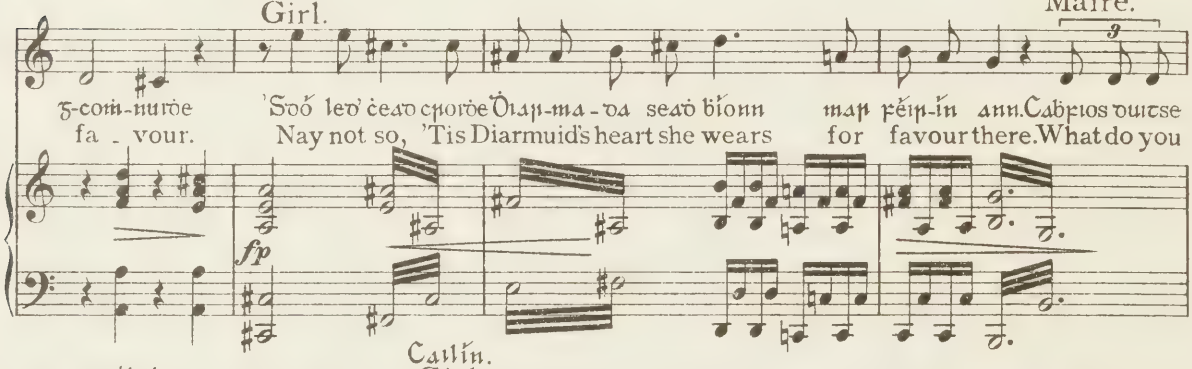
Moderato.

Sean bean.
Old woman.


'Tá ai - ci péin cinneaṁain pé mar — is lomṁuirġeann sé an mar seóḋ i mbéal a — bráġaḋ i
She has fate un-der her feet, and wears up-on her breast Fortune for wed - ding
3

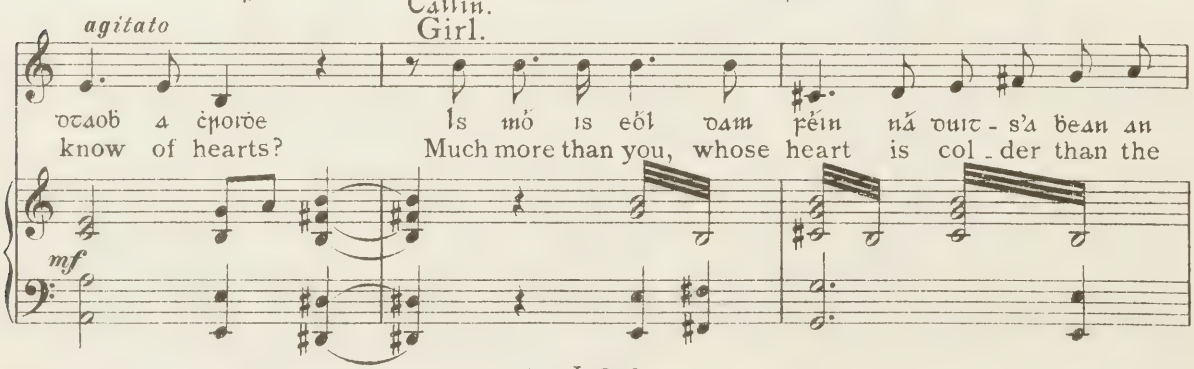
Caitlín.
Girl.

Máire.
Maire.


ġ-com-nuiḋe 'Soṁ leiḋ ċeaḋ croiḋe Diar-ma - ḋa seaḋ bíonn mar péir-ín ann. Cabrios duitse
fa - vour. Nay not so, 'Tis Diarmuid's heart she wears for favour there. What do you
fp
3

Caitlín.
Girl.

agitato



Druid stones When the west wind blows over Ballybrack, And brings the
Maire.
Girl.
rain up with it. Hold your peace! you talk with a child's tongue. You with a snakes.
Maire.
Girl.
I have not stung you for your foolishness? You would have no one
Maire.
wiser than yourself. I do not see a wiser seeing you
Girl.
Ah! there is some bewitchment on your eyes, Or else they would have seen the light a-

shine, On Diarmuids face when Muirgheis looks at him, You have no
Sean Duine.
Old man.
love-looks! Then God mend your sight. You wo-men
fp
fp
talk with tongues as sharp as knives. What is this wed-ding that you speak of
cresc.
p
it As though it were a war? Let us go hence, what ails you man?
Aodh.
Hugh.
Nay but what ails my dreams? Is it not ill enough that I am
p
crese.

(Feels his way to Marie, and lays his hand on her arm.)

Maire. Máire.

Dall cé connac uaim lem súil - ib soil - se lae?
blind, Há_ving once seen the day, how fair it is?

Boig díom is leig dom féin
Loose me and let me go

Aod.
Hugh.

O leig dom' smaoin - - - tib
Let go my dreams, _____ my dreams.

rall.

colla voce

Amhán beirte.
Aod agus Máire.

Duet.
Hugh and Maire.

Aod.
Hugh.

Moderato. *p*

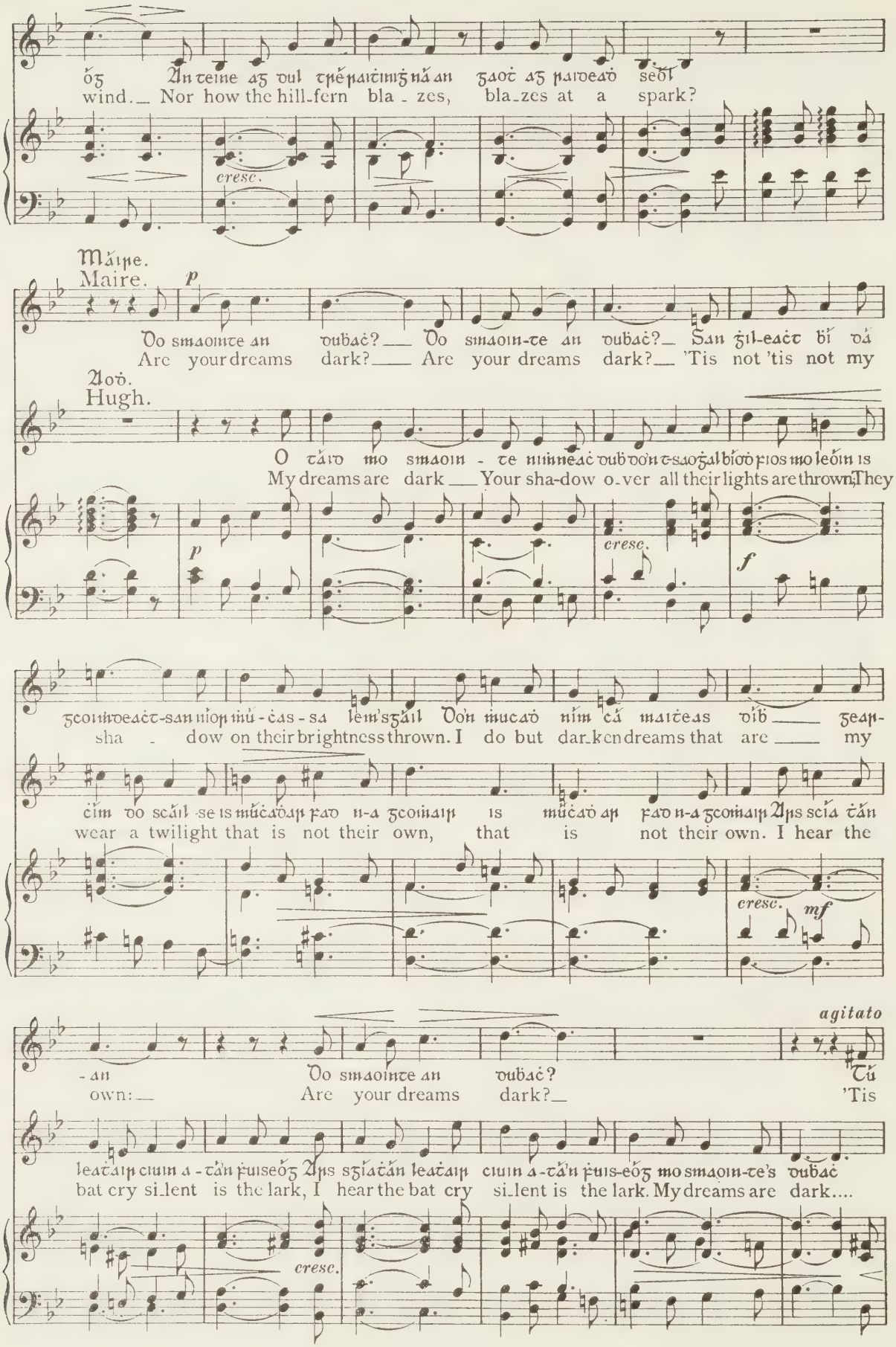
Is dubach do bío na smaointe agam'sna ach leór lib dolc im' comhair dul cáill-eas nadaire na
My dreams are dark, Is it not ill e_nough that I am blind. And know not Love, and

f

prígin - nosg so's nach léir dam fuid nios mó Nach léir dam fuaid seoc uas-ail-cion go
know not Love from Hatred till she speaks, My dreams are dark I can_not see the

cresc.

tráct do gnúis - se nomam Má bláth an póis lá pós-tag teact ar leac - ain bhuinneal
rose on bri_dal cheeks, Nor how the brown sail fills be_fore the wind, be_fore the


ŏʒ Ân teine aʒ dul thé fairrinʒ ná an ʒaoth aʒ fáiscadh seól
wind. Nor how the hill-fern bla - zes, bla-zes at a spark?
cresc.
Máire.
Maire.
p
Do smaointe an dubhaċ? Do smaoin-te an dubhaċ? San ʒil-eaċt bí dá
Are your dreams dark? Are your dreams dark? 'Tis not 'tis not my
Aodh.
Hugh.
O tá ro mo smaoin - te ninnéaċ dubh don t-saoʒal bíodh fios mo leóin is
My dreams are dark Your sha-dow o-ver all their lights are thrown. They
p
cresc.
f
ʒcoinneaċt-san níor ninn-éas - sa lem'sʒáil Don mucadh nim cá maiteas díbh ʒeap-
sha - dow on their brightness thrown. I do but dar-ken dreams that are my
cim do scáil -se is múchadar fad n-a ʒcoimh is múchadh ar fad n-a ʒcoimh Ars sciá tán
wear a twilight that is not their own, that is not their own. I hear the
cresc.
mf
agitato
-an Do smaointe an dubhaċ? Tá
own: Are your dreams dark? 'Tis
leathaith cluin a - tán fuiseóʒ Ars sʒiathán leathaith cluin a - tán fuis-eóʒ mo smaoin-te's dubhaċ
bat cry si-lent is the lark, I hear the bat cry si-lent is the lark. My dreams are dark....
cresc.

mf
fém do mhúchadh a chu - ro, 's do'n tsaoghal tá soin i n-dán Tú fém do mhúchadh a
your own hand that steers your dreamer's barque In - to the dark 'Tis your own hand that
mf
Is cím do sgáil - se's múch - adh ar fad n-a gcoinaip. O
Your sha-dow o - ver all their lights, their lights is thrown. My
cresc.
chuid, 's do'n tsaoghal tá soin i n-dán Do'n tsaoghal tá soin i n-dán
steers your dreamer's barque In - to the dark, your dreams, your dreams are dark.
cresc.
tá mo smaointe dubh do'n tsaoghal bhíodh fíos mo leóin O tá mo smaom-te dubhach.
dreams are dark your sha - dow o - ver all their lights is thrown My dreams are dark.
cresc.
rit.
Più mosso.
Aodh.
Hugh.
Cloisim fás na feirg' is - tig ro' chroidhe N-a
I can hear an - ger gro-wing in your heart A
Caitlín.
Girl.
bhlát gan top-adh's fhé - ama fo - la faoi bhadh
bar - ren bloss-om with a blood - red root. A
sf
sf

Aodh.
Hugh.
cóir gur luib má fásann am-laidh mear
flower that grows so fast must be a
Ó dein a sta-tháis gaibh de cos - aibh
weed. Pluck it and tram_ple on it, flower or
sf
ann no loit - fidh sé follámeacht blácht is cfann ls scairf-fidh nimh a - nuas ar bárr a
weed, Lest it should o_ver_top all wholesome growths, And drop its blighting dews u_pon their
Máire.
mf Maire.
g-ceann
heads.
Marbuigeadh a nimh mé féin ar dtúis, ann - soin Do fogha fuidh
Let but its ve_nom kill me first, and then Do what you
mf
dim.
dein - se leis - leis féin is liom
will with it - with it and me.
Più andantino.
Máire.
p
Do leanmo má - thair
My Mother heard a_
rit.
p
p
glaodh caoinfhiúin Thé páir-eibh ciú - i - neadh an Gleannamóir ls seal n-a diaidh fé néall-taibh dubha Do
curlew cry, And followed it_ ac - ross Glenmore, And un_derneath a_ moonless sky A

tuʒ - aḋ ċúiʒ-ti mise ó'n móin Scaʒ - aḋ m'ḟuilse as tṙéanḟuilsṙóe Ní héaċt an ḋoiḋ-e im'
changling child my mother bore Born of the fae_ry blood am I, A bit_ter doom I

ċóiṁ Ṫo bṙuiʒṙó mé báṡ Ní hiom an saoʒal Ní hiom-sa é ná Tíṁ na nÓʒ
dree: Earth is not mine un_til I die, And Tir_na'nog is_ not for me.

An caoiṁliún úo ḋob' ḋoiṁ de ʒláoḋ Fé ṁeaṁṙ dom ṁéin beiċ
My mother heard a_ cur_lew cry, And heard it to her

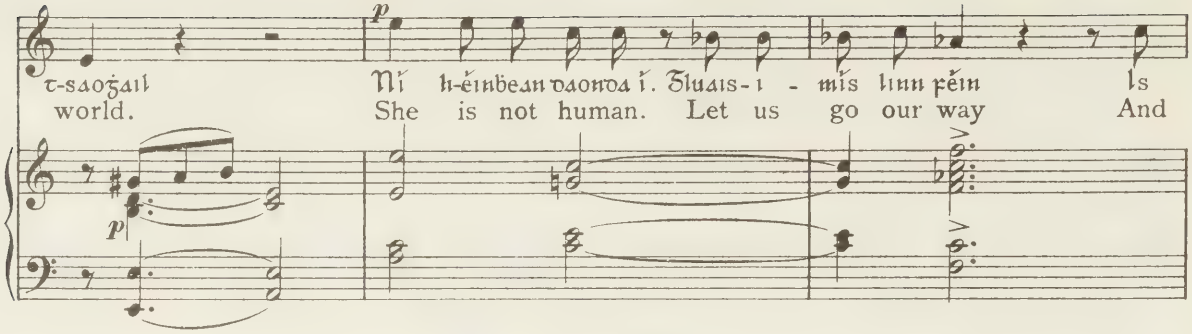
tuil - te bṙón Cé scaʒ-aḋ m'ḟuilse i dtṙeanḟuilsṙóe Is ḟa-da mé ó Tíṁ na nÓʒ. Act
daughter's woe; Ah! born of fae_ry blood am I, Yet far a_way from Tir_na 'nog. I

nuaiṁ do bíonn an saoʒal ḟé suaiṁ Tiʒ duan-ta siḋe le ceól Act ʒuiḋe ná ʒol ní
hear winds sigh a fae_ry song When half the world's a_sleep; In two worlds I_ have

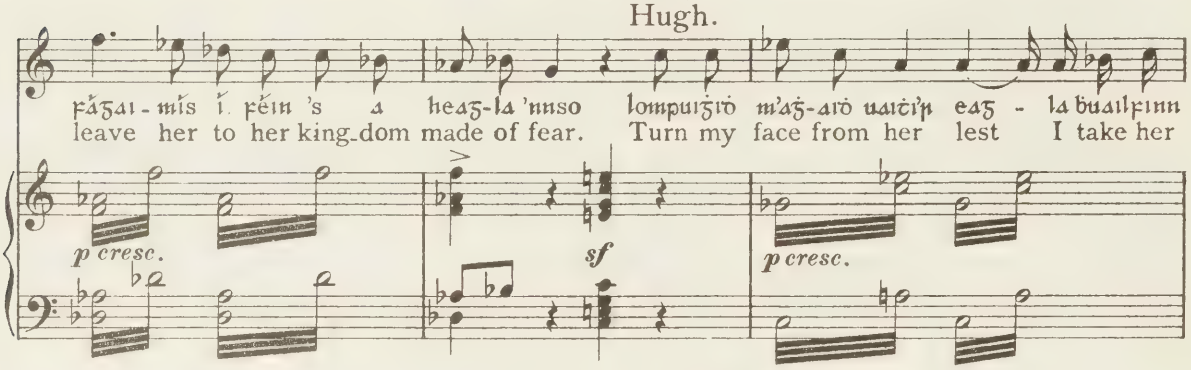
p
rall.
cabair dam uair A - bus is tall beid buaidirt im' cdir
suf - fered wrong, I — can-not pray, I — can-not weep.
Moderato.
colla voce
Aod.
Hugh.
Tá cair-de dil - se agat i - measg na sidhe cé tá agat tean-ga géar
You do not lack for friends a - mong the Shee for all — your bit - ter tongue.
sf
Máire.
Maire.
Ca bfiosduit sin? Is fíor nach car - a tusa dom Aod Duill
How do you know? For you at least Hugh Dall, are not my friend.
Cailín.
Girl.
Ní feadair Máire cad is cáir-deas ann Níor tug sí grádh do Muir-ghéis
Mai - re does not know what friend ship means. She gave no love to Muir-ghéis,
fp
p
cé gur ól Sí lacht éan-máth - air léi: Ní-a haon-air bíod Am súgra ar bán; Ní
though she drank One mother's milk with her. She stood a - part — From all our games she
sf
sf

dĕan-fad sŭ-gha linn Nă i dtnoid na brăis tĭ-păirt ai-ci nĭ bĭod
knew not how to play, She could not ev-en quarrel like a child.
Măire. Maire.
Cailĭn. Girl.
Nior sĭl-eas riam gur loct ar duine stuaim Taoi lăn de loc-taib, taoi com stuamda
I had not thought that wisdows was a fault. You are all faults because you are so
p
fp
cresc.
Măire. Maire.
mf
agitato
soin Gab 'mac is făg--tar mis' im' aon-ar seal 'smo loc-ta liom. Nĭ
wise. Pass out and leave me to the com-pa-ny of mine own faults. I
sf
p cresc.
sf
hăil liom loc-ta lib Tă m'an-am umal go leor mar 'tă sĕ 'nois Cu-ma
have no need of yours To make my soul more humble than it is. Fool-ish
p cresc.
sf
sf
liom-sa soin Ta eag-la oraib-beid eagla a-gam dom' dion Ar buaidheart troma fa-da chăroe'n.
folk are wise, and fear me then and fear shall be my crown And cloak against the sorrows of the
sf
p cresc.
sf
sf

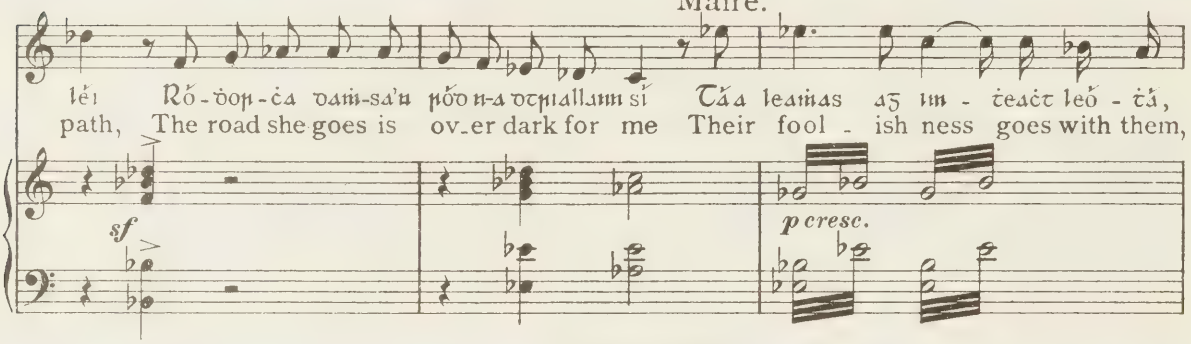
Cailín.
Girl.



Aodh.
Hugh.


fágai - mís í féin 's a heag-la 'nnso
leave her to her king_dom made of fear.
lompuiġiod m'ag-aid uaid'p eag - la buailfinn
Turn my face from her lest I take her

Máire.
Maire.


léi Ró-dor-ca dam-sa'n fód n-a dtriallann sí
path, The road she goes is ov_er dark for me
Tá a leamas ag im - teacht leó - tá,
Their fool - ish ness goes with them,

Exeunt Peasants.

Muirgheis.
Cad chuig e'r fan - ais siar gan nío do rád Nuair
Why did you stand a - loof and say no word When
Máire.
bí mo cáir-de gaoil ag beann-úgad dam.
all my other kins-folk greeted me?
Ní bean gaoil
I am no
duit na déin-ne'a Muir-géis mé Dá bróg - fainn tú
kins - woman of yours, Muir - gheis, And did I kiss.
ní fóg fainn acht do láim. — Com - dal - taí má ba tus' is,
I did but kiss your hand. — If you and I were comrades
cresc.
mis' in - dé Tá fáin-ne indiu ag déan-am ban - ríogan díot Ríom chómal i
yes - ter day, You wear a ring to - day that makes you queen, And me the

Muirgheis.

measc do ban-tract feas-ta mé. Nach dlúithe i brad ná soin an ceangal
chief among your waiting-maids. Do I not hold you by a dearer

Maire.

gnáth Tá eadh-painn' a-naon bhris-eann pós-adh iadh Nó's baoghal go
bond, O fos-ter sis-ter? Marriage must un-tie All oth-er

Muirgheis.

mbhris-fidhe ar a ceann-gail féin Acht cadh tá uait a-nois? Úr-
bonds to make its own knots fast. What would you have of me? Fresh

-bláth a-rís Chum fleas-ca i gcóimo cinn Do éag sé seo
flowers to make A new wreath for my hair. This glar-land's dead

Maire.

Do leag i-stigh fé coinn-leabh Seadh dá mb'áil leat péar-láí
The chapel torches killed it. Had you worn pearls for your

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

cuṗ n-a n-áit ní ḟeóċ ḟaḋ siad Fé ċeas ná Fuaċt a Rioġan Ṗéaṗ -
gar-land it had never blenched For heat or cold, Muirgheis. But
cresc.
f
p
3
Máiṗe.
Maire.
Moderato.
p
-lai na nḋeóṗ Cúis ḋeóṗ ṗéaṗ - lai Cúis ḋeóṗ an
pearls mean tears. If pearls mean tears so do the
p
mf
aois bíonn ċeaċt na mbliain-ta síor Is ṗian 'n-a ṅdiaiḋ'seaḋ bíonn Má's
years The seasons come and go And change us as they pass. And
cresc.
dim.
buaint dúinn nó cuṗ síol Ḋṗoċ-ṗéaṗ nó aṗ-báṗ buiḋe A
if we sow or reap Good corn or weedy grass. Ah!
mná beiḋ sib'se aġ caoi Maṗ
women must often weep O'er
rall.
ċaill - ṗiḋ sib bup nġnaoí,oċ-ón leas-muiġ ḋe Tíṗ na nÓġ.
what they cannot keep except A - las! in Tir - na 'Nog.
colla voce

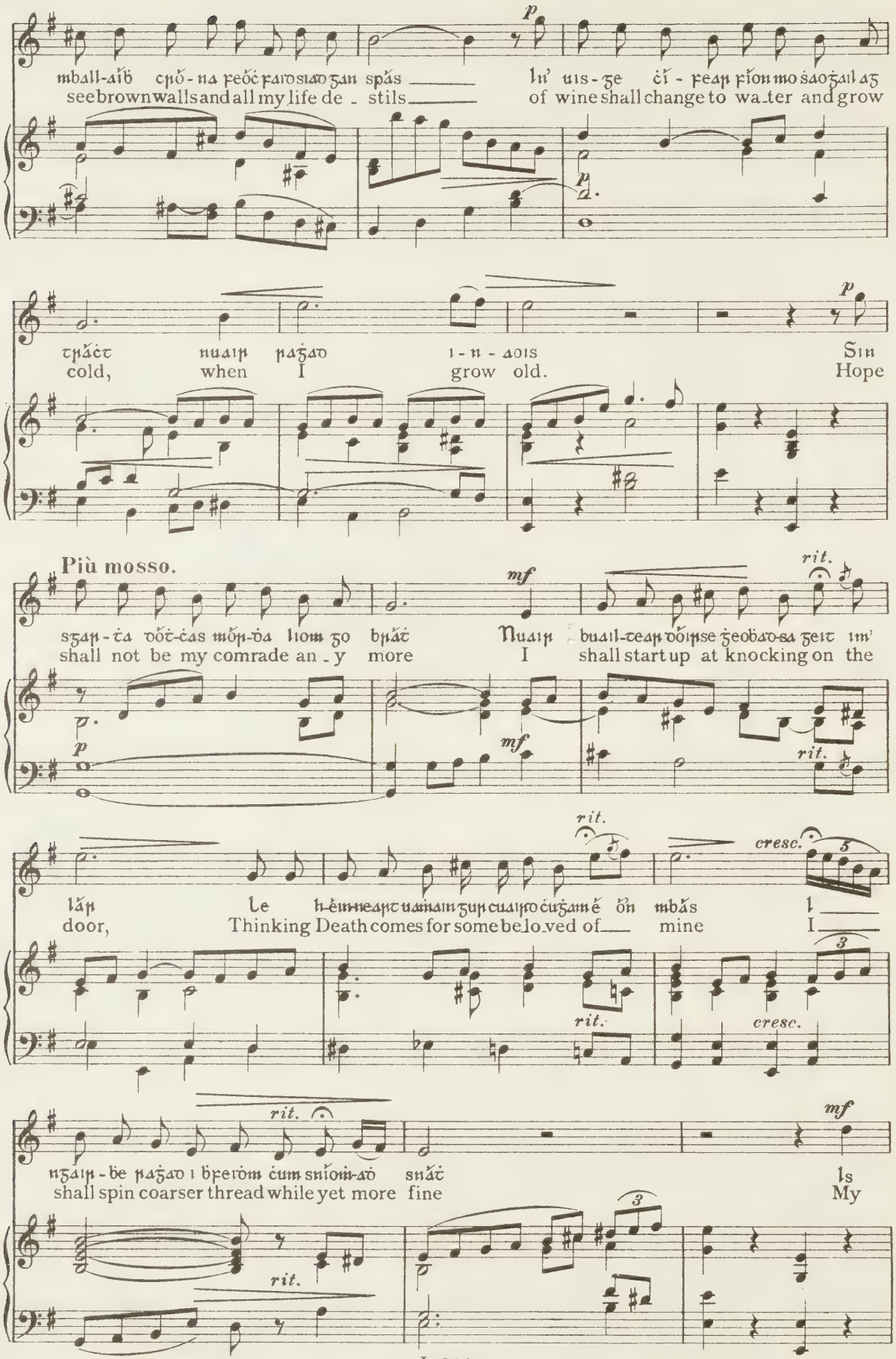
Amhán beirte.
Muirgéis agus Máire.

Duet.
Muirgheis and Maire.

Più mosso.
ċaill - ɾıó sıb bupnʒnaoı̇ọċ - ǒn leat-smuıʒ ve Tı̇ɾ na nŎʒ. A ʒɾǎo A ʒɾǎo nı̇ beınn - se
what they can-not keep A - las not e'en in Tir-na 'Nog Ah! love, ah love I would not
ċoıɾóċe ıo' ċlǒ̇ ıs ǒıʒ' ıs meɾóıɾ ıo' ċǒıɾ
al - ways fair And young and mer - ry there.
Più mosso.
colla voce
sı̇ọɾ Dan ɾıan ıs ɾıan ıo' ʒnaoı Nı̇ beınn, a ʒɾǎo Nı̇ beınn, Nı̇ beınn a ʒɾǎo
be unchanged if Time changed thee Ah! no, no, no Ah! no, no, no, no, no.
Dıaɾmuıd.
Diarmuid.
mf
A
Ah!
Aṁɾǎn tɾıŭıɾ.
Trio.
Muıɾʒéıs.
Muirgheis.
mf
A ʒɾǎo
Ah! love
A
Ah
Mǎıɾe.
Maire.
mf
A ʒɾǎo nı̇ beaǒ-se sı̇ọɾ Dan
Her love it would not be un-
Dıaɾmuıd.
Diarmuid.
ʒɾǎo a ʒɾǎo nı̇ beıċ-eǎ sı̇ọɾ Dan ɾıan ıs ɾıan ıo' ʒnaoı, a ʒɾǎo, a ʒɾǎo, Nı̇ beıċ-eǎ
love, ah love you would not be unchanged if Time changed thee Ah! no, no, no Ah! no, no,
p
cresc.

Gra ní beinn-se siúd gan mian is
I would not be Unchanged if
mian is mian id' gnaoi Gan mian is mian id'gnaoi, a Grádh
changed if Time changed thee Her love it would not be unchanged
siúd ní bei-teá siúd — Gan mian Gan mian id'
no Ah! love ah love, you would not be un -
mian id' gnaoi Ní beinn, a Grádh Ní beinn
Time changed thee, Ah! no, no, no, no.
— gan mian is mian id' gnaoi
— if Time changed thee, no, no.
gnaoi Ní bei - teá siúd gan mian id' gnaoi
changed if Time changed thee, Ah! no, no, no.
Máire.
Maire.
Più mosso.
An mairg-fá inaois;do súile ag eir - ge dall Do co - sa bióg go
Would you grow old and feel your eyes grow dim, Your feet walk slower

cresc.
hĕad-thom fŭt so mall; Do ċapu - fholt dub ag dul i lĕi - ċe siar; An caor ŏd'
that were once so light, Your hair's black cloud be changed to locks of gray The rose fade
f
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.
mf
ghuaig ag thiall Dorag amn go deimin
on your cheek? Ah! ev - en so
p
Andante.
O rag ad i n-aois is fill-fid suan im'
I shall grow old and sleep be side the
p
dăil Is bĕid mo ċhorde gan bíodg gan dú - ile ghăiċ Dă
fire, And feel my old heart empty of de - sire Though
Agitato.
rit.
rit.
im - pe líom - ta ċhíom an fuil n-a rás Mar ċaghann gaoi-ċe soilse ar ċiod Aib-
now the blood is dancing through my veins As April sunbeams dance through A - pril
rit.
rit.
rit.
- neăin
rains.
mf
Nuair fĕadaim no-iam bío nóċnuic ghaoig ar ghăil 'N-a
I that now look a head and see blue hills shall
mf
rit.


mball-aíḃ cṗṓ-na ṗeóċ ṗaṙosiaḋ ʒan spás
see brown walls and all my life de - stils
lṅ' uis-ʒe ċí - ṗeaṗ ṗíon mo šaoʒal aʒ
of wine shall change to wa-ter and grow
cṗáċt nuaiṗ ṗaʒaḋ i - n - aois
cold, when I grow old.
Sin
Hope
Più mosso.
sʒaṙ-ta ḋóṫ-ċas mṓṗ-ḋa liom ʒo bṗáṫ
shall not be my comrade an - y more
Nuaiṗ ḃuail-ṫeaṗ ḋóiṗse ʒeoḃaḋ-sa ʒeiṫ im'
I shall start up at knocking on the
lấṗ
door,
Le ḥ-éiṁeaṗṫ uaṁain ʒuṗ cuaiṗḋ ċuʒam é ṓn mbấs
Thinking Death comes for some be-lo-ved of mine
I
nʒaiṗ-be ṗaʒaḋ i ḃṗeiṫim ċum sníom-aḋ snáṫ
shall spin coarser thread while yet more fine
Is
My
rit.
cresc.
mf
p
3

rit.
snáċt mo saoiġil-se i mi-ne dul de ġnáċt Áċt nagad i noil-seaċt coid-ċe leat-sa a
life thread grows, yet dearer I shall be- - - for every day love I grow old with
mf
rit.
f
ġrád Mar dlú-ċaid croidte mí-le uair nios fearr Nuair nagaid i
thee For hearts grow deeper and hands closer fold, When they grow
mf
p
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
mf
Allegnetto.
n-aois l n-aois má nagair is deimin nać dom is eól Mo
old. If you grow old I shall not know it sweet. My
mf
ġrád-sa beid n-a sol-us duit id' ċeó In fall-uing dín sa Deimhead duit go
love shall be a torch to light your feet, A cloak to keep you from the winter's
f
5
p
deó N-a ċa-ca duit 'sn-a ċloiċ go-buadaiġ id' ċróinn Cá
cold, A crown to crown you and a hand to hold. Up -
sf

gnúis is deall-gain Sain-gad inniu ro' beól
on your lips and in your eyes to day
Sí bfuigeann do mallghoss leabhair gan cáim gan
You have the very breath and look of
cresc.
3
3
Tá croidhe geal Sain-gard teann-ta i lár do clóó
And in your breast the heart of May will beat
Sí-n
If
aois ma gaigeann sé deimin nach dom is eól
you grow old I shall not know it sweet.
Muirgheis.
Aingán triúir.
Trio.
Muirgheis.
p
In - aois má gaigeann sé deimin gur duit-se is eól
Máire. If I grow old you will not know it sweet
Do
Thy
Maire.
p
In - - aois do gaigeann sé deimin gur dam-sa is
Diarmuid. If you grow old he will not know it
Diarmuid.
p
In - -
If
p

mf
gráð ní béid 'n-a sol - us dam im' chéo in'
love shall be a torch to light my feet. A
mf
éol gur dam - - sa's éol ní'l
sweet not know it sweet His
aois má fágair is deimin nach dam is éol in - aois má fágair is deimin nach
you grow old I shall not know it sweet, I shall not know it know it
3
fall-uing dín sa Geim-read dam go déo n-a
cloak to keep me from the win-ter's cold A
gráð san mbiú n-a sol - us de ne béo in' fall-uing dín sa Geim-read
love shall be a torch to light your feet If you grow old he shall not
mf
dam is éol nach dam is
sweet, I shall not know it
tá - ca ná 'n-a cloic pó-buaidrig im' chóinn ní'l
crown to crown me and a hand to hold. If
dóó go deo n-a
know it know it sweet His
éol nach dam is éol Mo
sweet, not know it sweet My

Gnúis ná beall-fam Sam-fairg'nduim im' beól Ní'l fiogar mo mall-fosg leabair gan
I grow old you will not know it sweet Your love shall be a torch to
tac-a ná n-a cloic fó-buadaig id' comair, In-aois má fagair is
love shall be a torch to light your feet- If you grow old he
gfád-sa beid n-a sol-as duit id' chéo, In-aois má
love shall be a torch to light your feet- If you grow
mf
cáim gan gó Ní'l cfoide geal Samfaid teann-ta i lár mo clód 'Si n-aois má fagad is
light my feet- If I grow old you will not know it sweet, You will not know it
mf
deimin nac dó is eól is deimin nac dó is
shall not know it sweet he shall not know it
mf
fagair is deimin nac dom is eól In-aois má
old I shall not know it sweet, If you grow
rall. pp
deimin gur duit-se's eól.
sweet, not know it sweet.
rall. pp
eól nac dó is eól.
sweet, not know it sweet.
rall. pp
fagair is deimin nac dom is eól, nac dom is eól.
old, I shall not know it sweet not know it sweet.
rall. pp

Moderato.

Máire.
Maire.

Is buan bíonn an Saoghad i dTír na nÓg
May is immortal but in Tir na Nog

fp

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

Is buan do bíonn an Saoi - ghad i dTír na n-Óg D'aim -
May is immor - tal in my la dy's heart What

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

-deóinna-bhriag ag ghágalaig ar dois Cia chuir t'aimdin ag smaoineadh 'sa Tír na nÓg
ev - er ravencroaks of change and age. Who turned your thoughts to-day to fairyland?

sf sf

Máire.
Maire.

Ná fuil mo phí thréis briag do ghoirm dhom San té do pós is fuaire an
Was I not called a ra - ven by my king? And sure - ly he who chose a

cresc.

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

chúr dó féin cá gnó 'ge siúd de ghág-all - aig na bhriag Ní
dove for mate knows that the loyal - ist ra - ven can but croak. Your

sf

fios do náid n-a dtaob acht siud a-máin 'bfuil fíor an smóil ag fiach beag áir - i - te
king knows now of ravens naught save this That one is throa_ted like the nigh _ tin_gale.
A - nois a Muir-geis is a Mái-re binn ba maith liom fuaim bur
Sing Muirgheis and Mai _ re that I may hear The sunbeams threading
Più moderato.
ngot - a ceóil do clos
through the liquid rain.
Máire.
Maire. p
O nagainn gan moill go Tír - na nÓg Fé
Oh I would go to Tir _ na 'Nog And
éid - e peóid na Sróe lm' láim béad fainne'n ' dear-g ór Is mionn im' ór - fholt
wear the fae _ ry red; And wear a gold ring on my hand, A gold crown on my
cresc.

Muirgheis.

mf
buide O - nó 'Gus mionn im' ór - fholt buide. An mbéi - teá coróc' i dTír na nÓg Gan
head o - ro! A gold crown on my head Would you be al - ways glad and gay And
buaidirt gan bhrón gan díth Gan dúil a - gat san ndúill-ea - bar Ag teacht tri meadón an
nev - er sigh to see The old green spring, the A - pril day, The new leaves on the
chrann O - nó Ag teacht tri meadón an chrann
tree o - ro! The new leaves on the tree?
Máire.
Maire. p
Níor beag orm an duillea - bar nóid Dá sgéide tri meadón an
I would not miss the fick - le spring And sad I would not
chrann Má fuigeallac fáis ar blát-aib nós Fé teas nár cór - uig sinn O - nó Fé
be To see new ro - ses bloss-oming 'Neath light that warmed not me, o - ro! 'Neath
cresc.

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis. *p*

Ní ṫaġainn - se ṫéin ġo Tír na nÓġ Maṫ
I would not go to Tir na nog I

ċeas náṁ cóṁ - uiġ sinn I ġeṁíoċ - aiḃ meaḋóin Ní ḃeinn ġo ḋeó Dá
light that warmed not me I would not live on mid - dle earth If

f *dim.*

ṫaġainn leiṁ' scóṁ i n - aois ḃeinn páir - ṫeaċ leis i n-uil - e śóġ Sin
would grow old with you And share all joys that you may know, And

f *dim.*

ḃruiġinn beiṫ beó 'sim śuiḋe Do ṫéir mo meóin ċum meiḋir is ceóil
I could ev - er be One bub - ble of the fae - ry mirth, A

cresc.

uil - e ḋóṁ - lás cṁoiḋe, oċ-ón Sin uil - e ḋó - lás cṁoiḋe.
all the sor - rows too; Ochone! And all the sor-rows too.

meaṡg na slóiġ - ṫe sṁe oċ-ón I meaṡg na slóiġ-ṫe sṁe.
wave up-on the sea; Ochone! A wave up-on the sea.

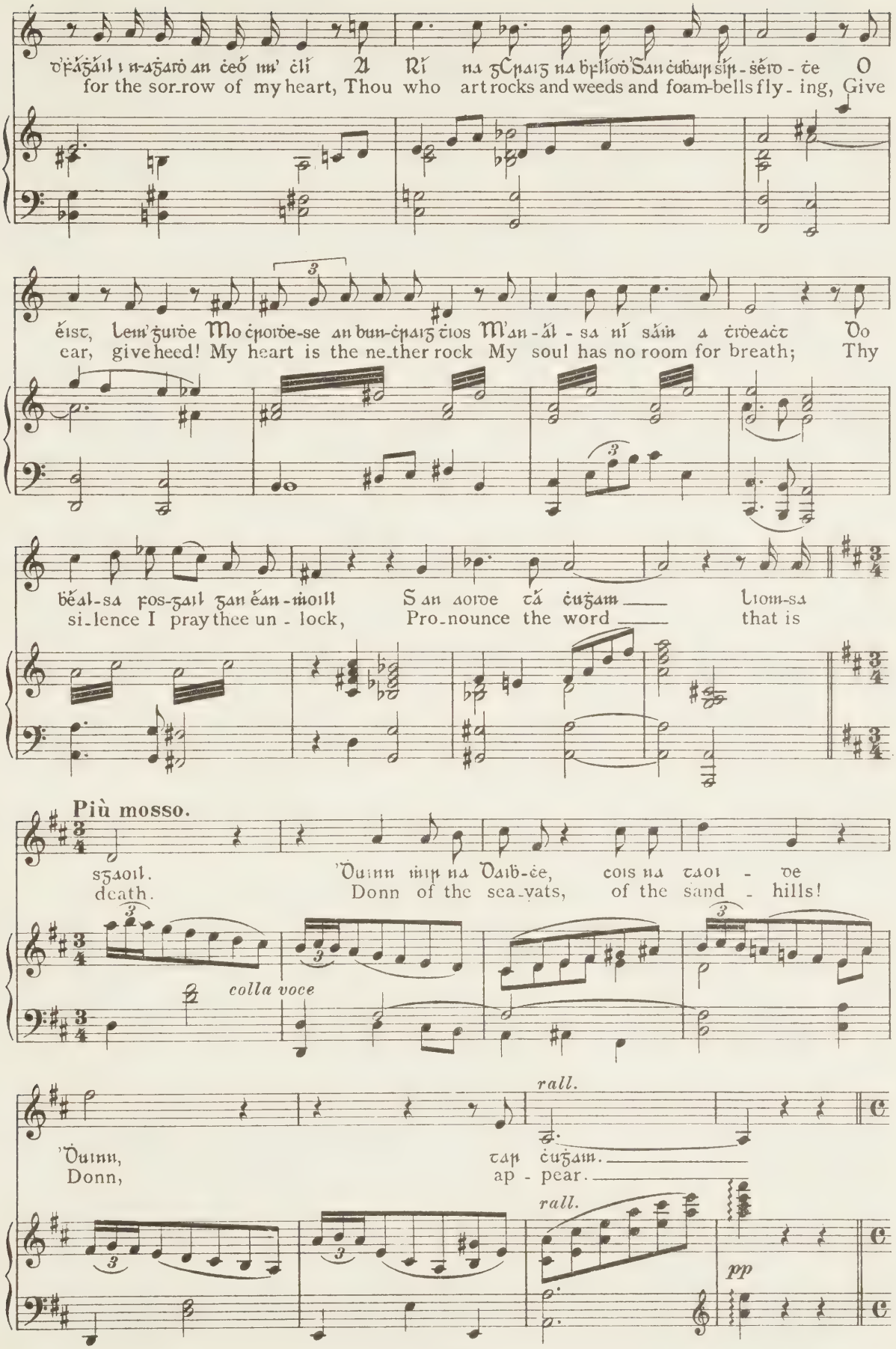
dim. *p*

Máire.
Maire. *p*

Ní śiubloġainn ṫéin-iġ ṫéar ċlaṫṁuiḋe Dá - ḃruiġinn-se Lí - ḃuiġ óir Ní
I would not walk on Ker - ry grass If gold floors I could tread I

cresc.
fán-fáinn féin san t-saogal ó ċím Sup seapc gan óiċ a óóċ oċ-ón Sus seapc gan diċ a
would not dwell where all things pass And love on loss is fed; Ochone! And love on loss is
Muirgheis.
Trio.
Ní naźainn-se féin go Tír na nÓg Map naźainn leis stóp i n-aois beinn
I would not go to Tir na nog I would grow old with you And
Maire.
óóċ I g-cpíoċ-aib meaóóin Ní beinn go deó Da bpuiginn beiċ beó 's in suiòe Do
fed I would not live on mid-dle earth If I would ev-er be A
Diarmuid.
Saċ cion Saċ cion saċ sé̋an saċ sé̋an dá mbeaò opt féin Is
I'd share, I'd share all joys, all joys that you may know And
cresc.
f
páip-teaċ leis i n' uil-e sóg Sin
share all joys that you may know And
péip mo meóin ċum meiòip is ceóil I measg na slóig-te siòe oċ-ón I
bub-ble of the fae-ry mirth A wave up-on the sea; Ochone! A
páipt ic' léan baò liúm. Is
all the sor-rows too. And

(Exeunt)
uil - e ṁó - las cṙo - i' - ṁe oċ - ón.
all the sor-rows too, the sor-rows too.
measg na slóiġ-te sṙóe.
wave up-on the sea.
(Exeunt)
páiṙt it' leán gan liúm.
all the sor-rows too.
Moderato.
Máiṙe.
Maire.
(Invocation)
Éin-ṙiṙ bí 'gus tá l-bpáiṙt le gáṙ-táib éan-laiṫ Leig ṁom sás - ain
Thou who wast and art A part of each bird's cry-ing. Give me com-fort


d'fág'ail i n-agard an ceó im' chí A Rí na gCraig na bfliodh'San cuban sín-séro-te O
for the sor-row of my heart, Thou who art rocks and weeds and foam-bells fly-ing, Give
éist, Lem'guide Mo chroide-se an bun-chraig tíos M'an-ál-sa ní sáin a tréact Do
ear, give heed! My heart is the ne-ther rock My soul has no room for breath; Thy
béal-sa fos-gail gan éan-moill S an aoide tá cuigam Liom-sa
si-lence I pray thee un-lock, Pro-nounce the word that is
Più mosso.
sgaoil. 'Duinn mir na Daib-ée, cois na taoi-de
death. Donn of the sea-vats, of the sand-hills!
colla voce
rall.
'Duinn, tar cuigam.
Donn, ap-pear.
rall.
pp

Moderato.
p
p
p
Donn.
Donn.
Cad cuiṫ-e ġlaoḋann tú orm
Why do you call on me
a bean ġan tim-e
O bit-ter woman?
f
Máire.
Maire.
Più mosso.
Ós rí na dtonn tús neart do lámh im'
Be-cause you rule the sea, and have the
dís Snaċ tuaġ leat éin-ne,
strength I need with-out the
sé dob' eaġ-al linn
good-ness that I fear.
Più Allegro.
Donn.
Donn.
Ní bronnaim earra ar daoin-e an tsaoġal Acht
I give no gifts to earth. I sell sea-
mf

sgoċ-a mapa is ɸlíoḋ-na is ḟéisg
flowers and all strange lives that dwell,
A bun na n-eas, seaḋ ḋíolaim ɸéin
In ooze, and weed, and fluted shell,
San
What
cresc.
Máire.
Maire.
Donn.
Donn.
a tempo
gceannóġaip ceann? Cad é ċeannóġad? San gceannóġaip ceann? An nglac-faip blá-ta cubaip a
will you buy? What will I buy? What will you buy? Will you have fra-gile flowers of
rit.
colla voce
laoġ béas tam-all geapp gan dul i n-éag Nó'n las-aip ġnáṫ ap úip aiḋ-
spray A moment white, then blown a - way, Or sea fires gleaming in the
-béis Is cea - ṫa dá - na duba san spéip? Feap díol - ta a lán díob súd mé
bay When storm is brooding in the sky; A mer - chant of sea-ware am
p
mf
Máire.
Maire.
meno mosso
ɸéin San gceann-óġaip ceann? Ní iapp-aim seód, ceannóġamn-se suan Com
I What will you buy? I ask no gift. I would buy sleep As
p
colla voce

dóiṁinn dar mó le bóċ-na buan Ó d'fág mo stóṙ n-a ḋeóiṙ mé i mbuaiḋiṙt 'Sba
dreamless as the sea is deep; Loves' eyes have seen and passed me by, And

ṡuan liom bás Ar mian leat bás? Buḋ mian liom bás Tug bean ḋam gṙáḋ dá ṁáil-im
I would die. And you would die? Yes I would die. The wo-man loves me whom I

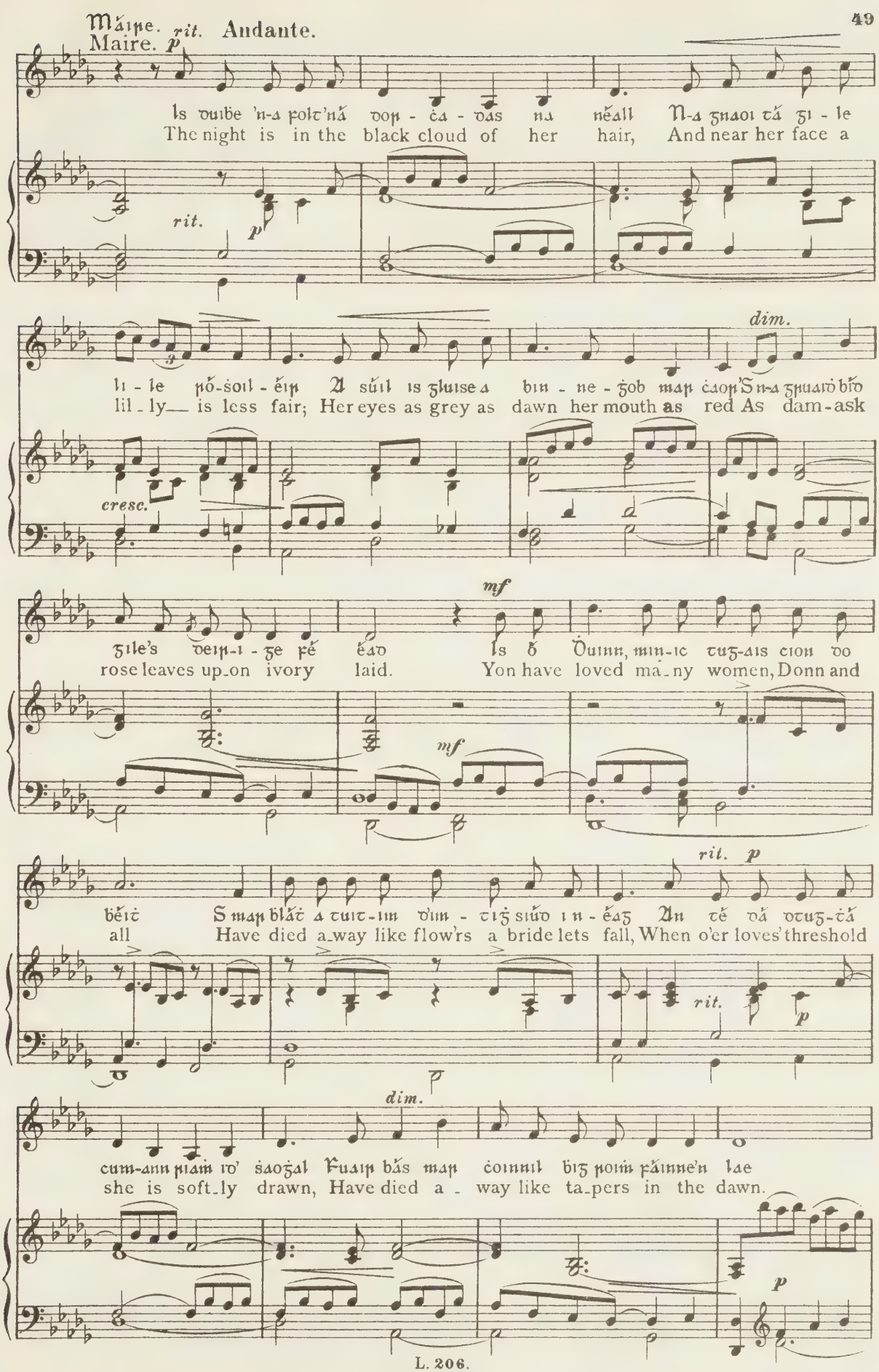
ḟuat Dus ḟear mo ġṙáḋ do lán-ġoiṙ uaim Is mise im'ċṙáḋ gaċ lá go
hate, The man that I would take for mate Loves her, al-as, and loves not

duaiṙc Is mise im'ċṙáḋ gaċ lá go duaiṙc Mar ċṙann do táṙla ar lár go
me, Loves her al-as, and loves not me, My life is bro-ken as a

luaṫ An sṙlanc dá bean-naḋ ócṙaċt go buaiṫ Ó sgaoil liom bás.
tree Where on the light-ing fell of late. Sell death to me.

Máire.
Maire.
Ó sgaoil liom bás Ó sgaoil liom bás Ó
Donn. Sell death to me, Sell death to me, Sell
Donn.
Ó sgaoil leat bás
Sell death to thee.
sgaoil liom bás
death to me.
mf
Moderato.
Seaó, sgaoil leat bás A Máir-e Ruaó, ní dual an t-éag dod'clóó Nar cóir duit
Ah! death to thee. Red Mai_re You are far too fair to die, Why not buy
sf
sf
Máire.
Maire. mf
díogal-tas Díogal-tas sgaoil-se m'éneó An bean úd fagamse
vengeance? Sell me vengeance then, Give me the woman
ff
p
gheim uirri fé deóid So tnáct-fad í, 's mo burdeanac coróe m'comair
here into my hands To slay, give me the man to be my love.

Donn.
Donn.
mf
An bean so, gradann do gra - sa
This woman loves your lover?
Máire.
Maire.
agitato
Gradann go deimin Act
E-ven so, But
colla voce
mf
ní map gioll ap siúd is fuath liom í
not for this I hate her not for this.
Act di - se a-náim a grád go dtug mo burdean An
I hate her for the love he gives to her, That
cresc.
sf
sf
cresc.
Donn.
Donn.
p
grád ba bea-ta seal - ad dam-sa is díon Ní tig dím béal act mionnaí Cá díog-
were to me as bread to one who starves. My mouth is full of cur-ses. Yet she
f
Máire.
Maire.
f
-báil
thrives!
Sgoiseid mionn dí - ob cúig - tí
Curses like these of mine will
p
Donn.
pDonn.
geall - ann fós Is fuat mar í nior cuill act bean bneág óg
find her yet. She must he ve-ry fair to earn such hate.
mf
p


Máire. rit. Andante.
Maire. p
Is duibe 'n-a folt'ná dor - ča - das na néall N-a gnaoi tá gi - le
The night is in the black cloud of her hair, And near her face a
rit.
p
dim.
li - le fó-soil - éir A súil is gluise a bin - ne - gob mar caor'S n-a gruaid bío
lil - ly is less fair; Her eyes as grey as dawn her mouth as red As dam-ask
cresc.
mf
gile's deir-i - ge fé éad Is ó Duinn, min-ic tug-ais cion do
rose leaves up-on ivory laid. Yon have loved ma-ny women, Donn and
mf
rit. p
béit S mar blát a tuit-im dim - thig siúd i n-éag An té dá dtug-tá
all Have died a-way like flow'rs a bride lets fall, When o'er loves' threshold
rit.
p
dim.
cum-ann liam ro' saogal Fuair bás mar coinnil big roim fáinne'n lae
she is soft-ly drawn, Have died a - way like ta-pers in the dawn.
p

mf rit.
Nī cuimin leat iad 's is leō nāc cuimin do
You have for_got_ten them and they for_
cresc.
colla voce
ġnē Dob' aoib_inn tam-all ġair_id _ dōib i_ nde In_diu bīod linn in_
get You loved them; they and Yes_ter_day have met, To_day is ours great
dim.
mf
_diu is lā Muir_ġēis An plūr i_ measg na mban is āil_ne ġnē Is
Donn thy ma_gic kiss Will lure this rose flower to your moon hued Liss. To_
cresc.
ciūin anocht an sgoc so Diar-muid fēin Sur brius cur i luib_gort breāg na
night the princess Diarmuid loves is fair, A flower for your garden and your
mf
p rit.
nde I mbārach uc berid uir_ri adar_ach ġnē N-a fōs nī berid a_tuillead act ī fēd'
care, To_morrow, ah! to_morrow, with the tide She'll be no rose flower, She'll be Diarmuid's
colla voce

Donn.
Donn.
mf
Moderato.
bride.
And if I
ga_ther her, this thorny rose That with her sweetness wounds you to the
Maire.
Maire.
mf
heart? You have not paid me, It is Muirgheis pays. She is the
f
f
sf
pay_ment on_ly; but a power stronger than You are, Donn, de_fends her now!
cresc.
sf
p
cresc.
A_bove the lin_tel in her fa_thers' hall A branch of row_an
sf
sf
p

dʹíon an tíġe ʼS is fearr é sin na ghuis ʼsna iar - ann cruaid
guards the house Better than locks and bolts and bars of steel.
sf
mf
mf
Níl acht éan duin-e ʼmáin de líon an tíġe Tá láit - reac ann do
There is one hand a_lone of all the throng of guests and servants
f
leiġ - fid tu-sa isteach Cum ros na fin - ne stad-ad anuas deʼn ġraoib Mé
Which can let you in To pluck this rose from off the pa_rent stem; The
sf
féin a - máin do leanfad craoib na mbuad Do strac - ad a-nuas sa cur San
hand that dares to take the sacred bough And cast_ it in the flames This
mf
Donn.
Donn.
p
teinid á dóġad. Is
hand of mine. That
f

Fiu do lámh-sa bheith ar chaob na mbuadh Is
hand is wor_thy to lift up a bough The ro_wan can_not live with.
mf
Fás_ann cuill Ar tsaob gach rátha ar tsaob gach tobair sídhe.
Ha_zels grow by eve_ry fac_ry rath and sa_cred well.
Tá cuill ag fás gach taobh dem' pálás tall I
My palace in the country of the Young Is
3
fp
d-Tír na nÓg is chaob-cán coll an_uas Ar chrodadh ar
set a_bout with ha_zels, and its roofs Wattled with
cresc.
fúid mo thighe Seo ceann díobh díodh os cionn mo dhor_ais. beir air siúd it' láimh
ha_zel boughs. This that I bear is from my door_way. Take it in your hand.

mf
Mă buail - frĭ Muirgheĭs
Let Muirgheĭs touch it,
bafr a méar air siúd
but with fin_ger_tips
Is
And
cresc.
3
hom-sa í 'gus caiṫ frĭ sí teaċt ċugam
she is mine, and she must come to me
Asseilb Diar - ma - da.
Out of her bride groom's arms.
mf
Măire.
Maire.
p
beir leat sa í, Dar Duaċ aċ geobad-sa neam san
Take her to you And_ by all the Gods that have been
áit n-a mbĭod Is nuair do bĕrĭd gaċ
and shall be, The emptiness she
f
nĭ a - gam ar mo ċoill
leaves shall be my hea_ven,
Ar Dia nă'r daoine 'fĭs, nĭ gladh-fad sa
Whence ne_ver I will call to God or man.
f
Donn.
Donn.
p
Coim - éad do geall nŏ geobair tŭ băs dă
Take heed and keep your oath lest you should
3
cresc.

Chorus of Fairies. Più Allegro.

Ní bhon-namearra ar dhaoine'n tsaogal Acht sgóta mara's flíodh-na is
We give no gifts to earth.We sell sea-flowers and all strange things that
cionn Máire.
die, Mai-re.
éisg A bun na n-eas, sead díol-am féin San gceannogair ceann? An
dwell In ooze, and weed,and flu-ted shell, And you will buy? Ah!
Andante.
Máire.
Maire.
gceannogair ceann? Sead, ceanno-gad, ceann-ogad
you will buy? Yes I will buy, will buy.
a tempo
Sidéóga.
Chorus of Fairies.
Ní bhonnaim earra ar dhaoine'n tsaogal acht
We give no gifts to earth.We sell sea-
colla voce
p
pp
sgo-ta mara's flíodha an tsaogail.
flowers and all strange things we sell.
p
pp

End of Act I.

An Dapa Rabapc.
halla Ui Ŝuiṁ

Act II.
Scene I.

O'Gneeve's Hall.

Moderato.

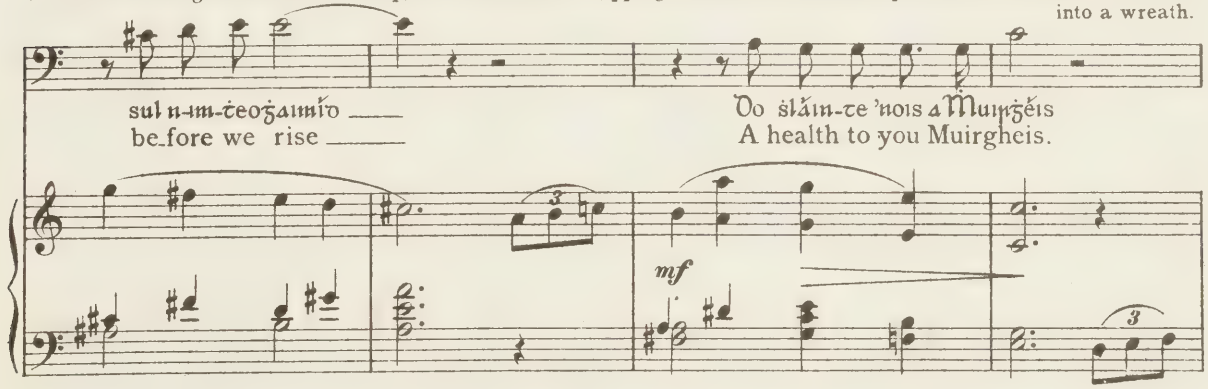
The curtain rises on repetition of 2nd part of *Più mosso.*

Guests rising from the tables. Muirgheis & Diarmuid in the high seats. Maire sits.

Primo Tempo.

Sean-čapa.
An old guest.

on a bench with a green branch on her lap, from which she is stripping the leaves. As the scene proceeds she makes the leaves into a wreath.



Chorus of wedding guests.

Fonn.
Soprani.
Più Allegretto.
rit.
Dá mba gabadh duinn ól uis-ge chóin na noígeadh Do dhéan fá-sa míodh milis
An-dorn.
Alti.
Though our cups to-night held the tasteless wa-ter, Your name would change it to
Coblach.
Tenori.
Dorn.
Bassi.
colla voce
caoin de dhúinn Dá gag-fá tar páirc fuilteig áir is bhuig-ne Do
ho-ney mead. If you but passed ov-er a field of slaugh-ter The

ċneas ó ғaoi mí̇l - te ve'n bғaointreibhiúċ Na bғataiġ bí'n lár i n - áir-de do bíodġ-ғad An
wounds of the vanquished would cease to bleed. The fal - len banners would see you, And hear you And
colla voce
tṙáṫ ú̇d is ċi - ғí a - ṁís ar a mbonn beaḋ sġeón ar luċt ғoġ - la tṙéis
rise up a - gain from the dust where they lay: The god - less thieves of the

rall.

Moderato.

Am ca - ta's sgéim-le 'San bás an uair chífeadh tú d'fillfeadh cuin siubal
dead would re-vere you, And Death would be-hold you and turn a-way.

rall.

Am ca - ta's sgéim-le 'San bás an uair chífeadh tú d'fillfeadh cuin siubal
dead would re-vere you, And Death would be-hold you and turn a-way.

rall.

Am ca - ta's sgéim-le 'San bás an uair chífeadh tú d'fillfeadh cuin siubal
dead would re-vere you, And Death would be-hold you and turn a-way.

rall.

Am ca - ta's sgéim-le 'San bás an uair chífeadh tú d'fillfeadh cuin siubal
dead would re-vere you, And Death would be-hold you and turn a-way.

Moderato.

colla voce

rall.

3

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

Mo mi - le buidheachas lib. Buan slán - te féin
I thank you from my heart. A health to you!

3

mf

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

Seo slaint'a ngrádhaim le grádh tú, a grádh mo chroidhe Au- táim do gráduinn grádh mo chroidhe is a
I drink to all that love you, and that health Is to all folk that look you in the

3

3

Máire.
Maire.

p

sgéim
face.

Na
Old

Più Andante.
mf
seán-a-mna fé bláth bí seal fad' ó Fé gi-lebáin's fé sgáil an deapg-
haggard women that were long a - go As red as ro-ses and as white as
dim.
mf agitato
-póis San mas-la táth leo' bláth an mbeiro ro' dóig No mionn nach tláth do páo thí éad doo'
snow Will they look on your beauty and re - frain. From cursing what they will not be a -
dim.
mf
cresc.
a tempo
éiróo Cé sgéimeach dóib is líon-ta gnáo map tá - tap díb - se, óig
gain Though once they were, As much beloved as you and all as fair.
cresc.
Più mosso.
p
cresc.
Tá caiteam slán ap dtpáct i mbun a stóip Is
Their wealth is spent and wast-ed is their store Will
p
dóib nac áil so - láis an tsáogail ro' coinap Do céile as páo gach thát gup leis gup
they not grudge to see your life run oer With joy to hear your lover's tongue de-
cresc.

dim.
dim.
voiġ San tusa i láṫaiṛ lá ná bíonn n-a ló Na ṛuinn i ġcóiṛ Nać
clare How in your ab-sence there's no day is fair No tune goes right Ex-
(Maire laughs.)
leaṫ-sa báil a ṫṛáċt vo péiṛ an ċeóil.
cept you har-ken to it with de-light.
Moderato.
Aoḋ.
Hugh.
Máiṛe.
Maire.
'Tuiġe an ġṛeann? Na bać mo léan nó m'áṫus ṫṛáiṫ-nín ṛeóiṛ Seaḋ mé 'ġcóiṛ
Whence this mirth? Why heed my mirth or sor-row I'm a reed Dalna plays his
sf
sf
Aoḋ.
Hugh.
Máiṛe.
Maire.
ċeóil seo Dall-áin binn Cad é an ġnó é seo aṛ láimaiḃ a-ġaṫ? Ag ṛill-eaḋ'n
idl-est Mu-sic on. What is this work your hands are bu-sy with? I plait green
sf
mf
3
3
3
3
ḋuilleabaiṛ ġluisn-a ṛleasc a-ṫáim; Na bláṫa so Muiṛ-ġéis cun ṛeóċṫa ṫéiġiḋ is
leaves in-to a co-ro-nel The flowers that Muirgheis wears are almost dead And
3
3

cresc.
d'eag - - la tuair nach pógann'a cur bun-sciond Tá bláth - fleasc
lest an e - vil o - men grieve the bride I weave a
Aod.
Hugh.
úr a - gam dá déanam di Cad é an 'sórd duill - eóg - a 'gat dá
fre_sher gar_land for her hair. What are these leaves you weave in_to her
sf
Máire.
Maire.
brige? Duilleóg - a glas-a ó fhéinn, ba cuibe le mnaoi
crown? Leaves vir_gi_nal_ly green fit for a bride.
Nar táin-ig meath na teasaideacht riain n-a ngar Ní sail-each iad ní mó gur dhaigean ná
Blight has not smutched them or a hot sun seared. Besure they are not willow leaves or
Aod.
Hugh.
coll Ní cur - póg sho-thar-nach ná iubar na ndeór Tabair dom an
thorn, sal_low, or cy_press, or the bo_ding yew. Give me the

Máire.
Maire.

please go leaf-fad uir-ti lám Do chuas le h-eis - teacht, ná bac lá-ma a
wreath be-tween my hands to feel. Nay, use your ears and not your fin-gers,

Aoid Éist! éist mar ghráidann an Rí an ban-fhíogan cóir Coin
Hugh! Hark how the king's love flames a-bout Muir-gheis, As

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

thréan is dá mbaoghoide Aonguis bí ann Ní'l fí ar domhan coin
though the heart of Au-gus beat in him There's not anoth-er

said-bir liom-sa 'nois Is tu-sa 'gam mar fhíogain, a ghi-le ghoide Ní hac-muin
king as rich as I that have you for my Queen my shin-ing one. I need no

cresc. *p* *sf*

Máire.
Maire.

liom-sa cuigide fa-da fáin Ná fiol-air déir mar chíos ar bar ná ba Dhoc-
pro-vin ces to make me great with tribute of gray eagles, corn and kine, I

Cruaċan.
Croghan.

nǎċ ap siúd map poṙt. — A mal-aiṙt ṙaʒam Nać 'ıné'n poṙt is ʒnáċ aʒ a lei-
si-cken of this tune — Knows he no more? Why ev-ery lo-ver sings to such a

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

-ċéid bíod ʒeall ʒuṙċuiṙ-is ĕad ap dĕiċib ṙáil A pós na mban in-diu.
tune. I throw the Gods are jealous of the rose That I have plucked to day.

sf

Muiṙʒéis.
Muirgheis.

Ó ĕist, a Rí, Ní maiċ liom siúd. Níop ċeas dom ṙéin san bṙlaiċ - -
Ah! hush my king such praise is ill. I were not fair in hea - -

Máiṙe.
Maire (aside).

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

-eas Com ċeas le lus na ṙae i n - am ċub - ṙae. Ná
ven! Fair as a moonflower when the moon is dark. The

dĕiṫ - e seo do bṙonnan séan dap mbṙeiṫ Soaṙmoíon ṫné ʒeaṫaíb cṙuaċa an bás Níop mó
Gods who gave the joy where by is Death Alone made possi-ble to bear, Will not

p

Allegretto.
leó dam-s'an pós so 'gam ap feadmo saogail.
grudge me the rose that stricks in_to my life.
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis. p rit.
A Rí, ná mol mo gnúis, gombí n-a plás No is náp liom í 'dip
You praise my face too ten_der_ly my king. I were ashamed in
rit.
p
f
cresc.
Sam-mads Earrach cruaid Seoc pós fé blát Ná bac an pós Act sam-al-tap mo
summer or in spring Be_side an opening rose. Let ro_ses be And match with les_ser
rit.
f p
Máire.
Maire.
mf
gnúis le nid-te's luga Mo chád-sa a rí, Nac
things my face and me. A_las my lord, 'tis
3
cresc.
truag nac feasdon pós Ón uair ná mair-eann act sa Sam-rad blát (Sgo
pi_ty that a rose Sees but one summer out, and never knows (Since
cresc.

mbí ġlas na ṗŭin seo ġeim-riġ ṁeóiṙ) A cosmail eaċt von ġné́in sa ġeim-ṁeaṙ um
winter keeps all se_crets that are his) How like a rose the win_ter sun_set
Diarmuid. p
neoin.
is!
Seaṙ beiṙ tú ic' ṗéalt a -
Then you shall be a
mf
ġam; im' ṫúis-eaċt beaṙ Ist oiṙċe's dé́an - ṁaṙ coṙ - laṙsuain sa Lŏ Taiṫ - nin oṁ-sa a
star; I'll wake at nights And in the day my sheaves of slumber reap, Shine on me my
Muirġéis. p
A
You
ṗéalt ġur ṙoiṁ-ċeaċt liom Saċ soilse'n tsaoġail a - ġus ġo ṫéiġeaṙ von éaġ.
star un_til all lights Be one with darkness to me and I sleep....

Gliór. tríúir. **Trio.**

Rí, ná mol mo gnúis, go mbí n-a plás,
praise my face too ten-der-ly my king,
No is
I
Máire.
Maire.
p
Mo ċnáḋ-sa a Rí, náċ truaġ naċ ḟeas don ṕós — Ón
A - las my lord, 'tis pi - ty that a rose — secs
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
Seaḋ beiḋ tú ic' ṕéalt a - gam; im'ḋúis - eaċt beaḋ
Then you shall be a star; I'll wake at night
nár hiom í 'sin Samraḋ Earraċ ċruaiḋ Seoċ ṕós ṕé blát Ná bac an ṕós
were ashamed in summer or in spring Be - side an opening rose, Let roses be,
uair ná maireann acht sa Samraḋ blát — Sgo mbí glas na púin seo gemhriḋ peóiḋ
but one summer out and never knows — Since winter keeps all secrets that are his,—
Ist oiḋċe's déan-fad coo - laḋsuain sa lő
And in the day my sheaves of slumber reap.
p
Tait-nim orm-sa a
Shine on me, my
Acht sam - al - tar mo gnúis le niḋ-ċe's luga
And match with lesser things my face and me.
A cosmail eaċt don ghéin sa gemhreaḋ um neóin.
How like a rose the winter sun-set is.
péalt gur doim-ċeaċt liom Gaċ soilse'n tsaoġail a - gus go dtéigeaḋ don éag.
star, un-til all lights Be one with darkness to me, and I sleep.—

Andantino.
Diarmuid.
Nă tṡăċt ṫar ċṡoiṙḋe ṡuṙ
The heart thats' set up -
p
rit.
ṡnaoi leis ṗóis Ní ḟ'lăiṙ a ċlaoiṙḋe ḟé'n ṗóṫ Is ḋeóṁ-uiṙḋe clăṫ 'sis
on a rose Must break when sum - mer goes; All flowers must as
cresc.
rit.
colla voce
ḟăn-uiṙḋe ḟíoṁ Ṫaċ blăṫ ḟá'n ġeiṁ-ṙeaḋ ġeoḃaiṙ Ċṙaiṁṁṗós is ṡnăṫ a sṡăil ṫan ḋíon Aṁ
pilgrims fare When win - ter's trum-pet blows. Sep - tem-ber sees the rose-tree bare And
rit.
lăiṙ 'si ṡeṗíċ an Ḟoġmaiṙ Ní heól ḋóiḃ blăṫ, níoṁ ḟás n-a líon, S mo ṡnăḋ-sa ní'l n-a
no Oc - to - ber knows What ro - ses are, what ro - ses were My love is not a
rit.
mf
rit.
ṗós
rose!
Mo ṡnăḋ-sa ċí - ḟaṙ í n-a ṗéalṫ Ṫo h-ăṙḋ aṡ soíl-siuġaḋ
My love shall be a splendid star That shines a - part, a -
rit.
mf

'ʒĕin — Mucaḋ Nĭ baoʒal-dă h-ăil-neaċt ʒlinn Nă ăṗ na ʒaoiṫe a pléiṫe — Nĭ'l
far — Time cannot dim her love-ly light, Nor winds on it make war; — The
colla voce
p
cresc.
rit.
smŭiṫ nă smăl ist lă n-a sliʒe. Nă ʒabaḋ ist oiḋċe aʒ ṫĕaċt — Aʒ ḋubaḋ na h-ăil-ne
wide-eyed day, the dreamful night Be-hold no en-vy mar — One rose of light that
Măire.
Maire.
mf
tă 'n-a ʒnaoi Mo ʒṗăḋ-sais ĭ's mo pĕalt — Aċt
turns up blight As fu-el for a star — Yet
colla voce
Moderato.
Diarmuid.
Măire.
tuit-id pĕal-ta Sḋŏ nĭ ċuit-fiḋ seo Do ṗeiḋmaṗ tă na ḋeiṫe aʒ ĕisteaċt
stars have fal-len. This star will not fall. Speak lower, for the old Gods are not
sf
sf
Muiṗʒĕis.
Muirgheis.
ṗŏs is că bṗios ḋuit na cuiṁ-fi-ḋĭs ċum bă is An pealt so maoiḋiṁ-se 'Rĭ Mo
dead; And they might find it in their hearts to quench This star you boast of, king. Did

Máire.
Maire.

Ní agmaorfeam Sa dtiubhradh mo bheanchomhairle-is dom' rí
Diarmuid boast? And shall my waiting-maid rebuke the king?

bhuil fearg ag - us eag-ail ar mo
And is the Queen made angry and a -

p

ríogain
fraid

I
Be -

dtaobh go ndubhart-sa rud gan bhrígh gan chéill
cause a waiting-maid speaks id - le words?

Ó maith
Find

dam ann
par - don

an
for

thus so a
me in your

ríogh-an chóir Ní
happiness And

chuir-finn ort cat-uigadh go bhfáth a -
I will be as dumb as Hugh is

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

- ris Dá dtuit-feadh réalt'an aeir a - nuas ar tír Is beag an oidhche tuit - im
blind, Though star dash in - to star and be consumed. The jea - lous darkness mocks the

réalt a - nuas Cé tuiteann féin is réalt í go deimin Ní beag dar leat mo réil-tín féin an -
fal - ling star That is not less a star while it falls. My star is ris-ing now in your grey

Muiṙġĕis.
Muirgheis.

-oċt
eyes.

Ĕist, éist a-nois a Ḋiaṙ-muid bắin ní maiċ
Hush! of your praises I am half afraid,

Ḋiaṙ-muid dom' ṁolaḋ ṙéin ṙo-ṁóṙ a-nois ls
Diar-muid, Be-lov-ed, love me not too well. I

Ḋiaṙmuid.
Diarmuid.

baoġal-aċ hom ġuṙ ṙó-ṙím-ĕad-aċ 'tắim. Ní ṙĕadṙaiḋe eagla ċuṙ oṙm-sa a-
am so happy that I fear all things. I am so hap-py that I cannot

p

Mắiṙe.
Maire.

-nois Fiú a-mắin dắmbeaḋ an doṁan ġo lĕiṙ'ṙ ċniċ. Ná
fear Though the world quaked be-neath my dancing feet. A-

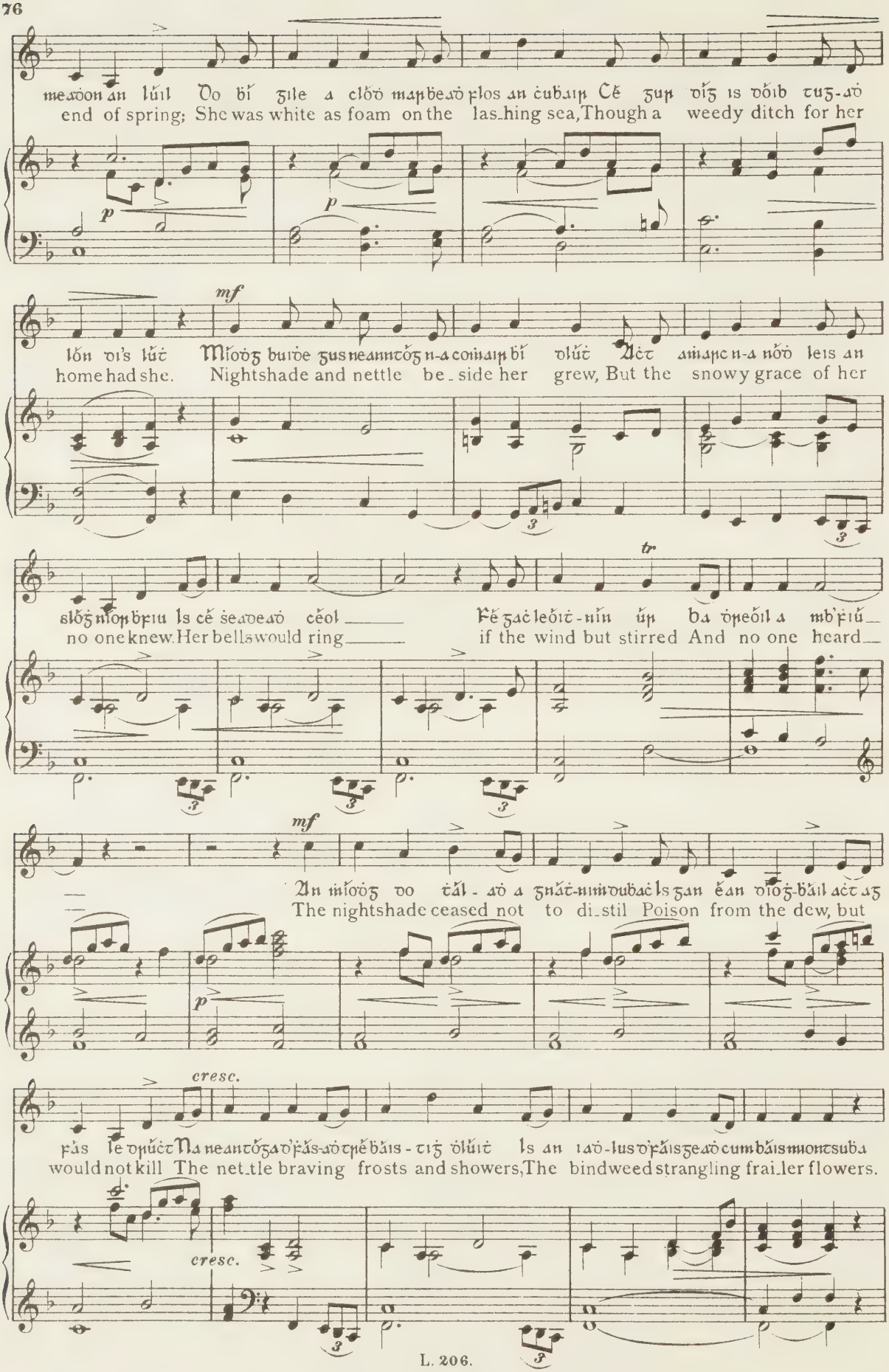
labaiṙ maṙ sin a ṫiġeaṙna ls móṁ deaġ-ṙí Ṫo ṁeaġaiḋ a ġlóiṙ maṙ deataiġ leis an ngaoiṫ
las, my lord, speak lower, Kings have seen Their glory pass like smoke up-on the wind,

sf *sf*

Is mōō banṁíogan do ċaill a scéim is a ċneid nā paib éanáilneacht uiṁ-ti féin - ig fiaṁ
Queens have outlived their beauty, and have felt It was a fa_ble when they heard it sung;
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
Sé'n uaig a-máin fug buaid ar at-ar-ugad Ná bíse ag tráct ar uaigib a - nois liom féin Act
On_ly the dead are conquerors of change. You talk of Death to one whose thoughts are full of
mf
labair ar áil-neact A - bair dúinn am-ráin mait fogan-ta ar ainm binn Muirgéis Is é
love and beau_ty. Sing in _ stead some song that shall be lightened with-her name, As a
Muirgéis.
Muirgheis.
fuit tríd mar bead an t-ór ag fuit A-nuas tré bhrat ban ríogna i átair sluag. Ní
grey web is shuttled through with gold, When woven for the mantle of a Queen. I
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
bruigid a h-am-ráin siúd éan-ór uaim féin Cad ċuige 'nois an tráeson? Comun-sain
fear her song will take no gold from me. Why, this is almost treason. Sadness

Moderato.
ɣɾáð Seaðbɾóðo is bɾón act tú beit láit-ɸeac leó
seems Nearer to happiness when you are near.
Diarmuid. p
O spɾio an čás-aim tɾáť da bɸeic-ɸeað ťú Ní beað aip scáť ná ɣáp-ťa
The ve - ry spi-rit of all sadness seems To look with brighter eyes be -
ɣuil ná cuimaiðO aois go bás ní ťɾáiɣɸeað corðcelúť; Is ð'aois níop náipe'n tɾáť do
holding you, E'en age forgets its weariness of limb, And those long years it has out -
mf
ťuɣ ap ťubap Sa tein - ťí láið - pe čáite i n-ɣɾíos-aiɣ ðlúit Is tu-sabɸeapp ťumspás a -
lived its dreams And watched its bea-con-fires grow faint and dim. It sees its fairest dream take
cresc.
mf
- pís dó ťabaipt An bɾón 'san náip'a mb'áil leat
shape a-new. Sorrow and shame trodden
cresc.
f

'neath your feet Are sweet as thyme, and e-vil dies a-way Con-front-ing you, a
lamp put out by day. None may be hopeless that have seen you, sweet, For all thoughts must be
mf
cresc.
pure, all dreams come true. And all men must grow good that neighbour you.
mf
Now, Maire, bring your voice to crown my song With words more sweet but not more true than mine.
p
Maire.
Maire. p
Moderato.
I heard white bells in a belfry ring Where a foxglove flowered in the
rall.
p
p
p


meadon an lúil Do bí gile a clód marbeadh fios an cuban Cé gur dís is dóib tug-adh
end of spring; She was white as foam on the las-hing sea, Though a weedy ditch for her
p
p
mf
lón dís lúr Míodh buidhe gus neanntóg n-a coinair bí dlúth Acht aimsir n-a nódh leis an
home had she. Nightshade and nettle be-side her grew, But the snowy grace of her
3
3
tr
slógh nior bhfiu Is cé seadhadh céol Fé gach leóit-nín úr ba dheóil a mbfiú
no one knew. Her bells would ring if the wind but stirred And no one heard
3
3
3
mf
An míodh do tál-adh a gnát-nimh dubhach Is gan éan díogh-bháil acht as
The nightshade ceased not to di-stil Poison from the dew, but
p
cresc.
fás le dhúcht Na neantóg a d'fás-adh thé báis-tigh dlúth Is an iadh-lus d'fáis geadh cumhais monn subha
would not kill The net-tle braving frosts and showers, The bindweed strangling frai-ler flowers.
cresc.
3
3

mf
rit.
Níor chuir fé ndeárc'n-a háil-neacht uirr Is ba beag a cás ar a lán díob siúd Do
None saw her beauty in ful - lest light, Or dreamed and pined for it through the night. She
mf
colla
rall.
tr
fuig - ad d'fás. Is an bás do sgiuirid San gábadóirib siúd.
flowered, she died, her name grew strange, They did not change.
voce
rall. p
f
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
mf
Is deas an t-am - rán é go deimin ní fearr Do can-fad
I am too near the flower I love to praise Her or her
smóilín uas - al ar an n-géig Is mol - aim sib ar - aon go mór da bárr
singer, though the song rang sweet As white-throat calling whitethroat through the dusk.
sf
Máire.
Maire.
Aod.
Hugh.
mf
Máire.
Maire.
Do bí nios mó nán lusmór ann a Rí Níor caill neanntóg na díge a cealg fiain Sé
I sang not only of the foxglove, King. The nettle keeps her sting, I'll swear to that The
sf

corcur bíonn ar lus na h-oíóce gnáit, Aibigeann na hubla báis uir-ti gan
nightshade wears the pur-ple of a Queen, And ri-pens without fear her grapes of
mf
Aod.
Hugh.
scáit Act blát éan-lae a-máin is eadh lus-mór. Cuirruait is éist Má
death. The fox-glove is the blossom of a day. In God's name, peace! That
éigeann le rud-aí Tá bréan is amla's mó ba ceart dúinn fuat do glac-ad doíb is greim de
foul things prosper well Were reason but to hate them with a hate too fierce for song, a hate to
breit orta Sa strac-ad glan ó bhreamaibh as an úir Is máthair dóib 'sgo dtug-aid
nerve the hand to pluck them root and flower from the earth, Whose mother-hood di-vine their
Máire.
Maire.
Cruachán.
Croghan.
Aod.
Hugh.
náir-e oi Thém' ghrád do déicib síorra an aeir Faire! Ní
lives dis-grace. My tongue had prov'd your God im-po-tent. Shame, Shame! You
f
sf

Andante.
Maire.
Più mosso.
cresc.
cresc.

ĕin - ne beŏ.
born or dies.
Duet.
Máire. rit. a tempo
Maire. mf
Act beiò na dĕirce aʒ sʒlĕip ʒo deòiò N-aim-deòin a ndĕap-fairò ĕin-ne beŏ.
Aoò. The Gods are shaken from their mirth By noth_ing that is born or dies.
Hugh. mf
Act cím ʒo ndĕinid ĕin nid nóda 'Sus bíonn 'sna spĕar-taib péal-ta nódа. Is
Moles heap new hills up_on the earth, New stars write change up_on the skies. Men_
a tempo
rit.
mf
p
cresc.
Neam-deòin a n-dĕap-fairò ĕin-ne
By noth_ing that is born or
f
p
cresc.
tiʒ-te saota tĕidid dá noozaò teideann fuil n-a slaoda i ʒcpĕ ʒus ŏp Is fażairò do dĕi-te
build too high or build too low, Earth takes her toll of blood and gold, The Gods heed nothing they,
beŏ.
dies.
fĕin ap feoò.
too, grow old.
f
p

Moderato.

Ó Gnímh.

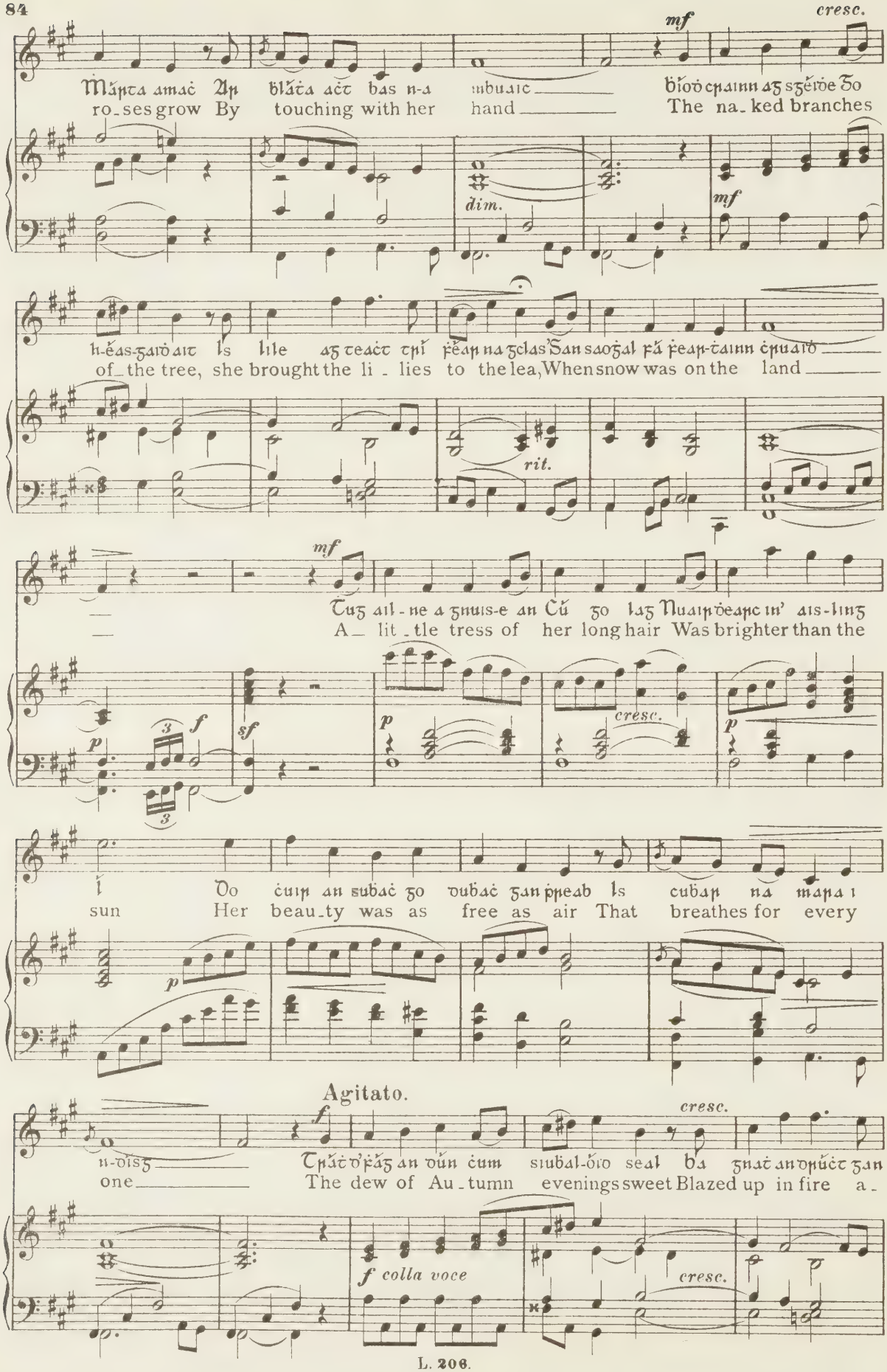
O'Gneeve.

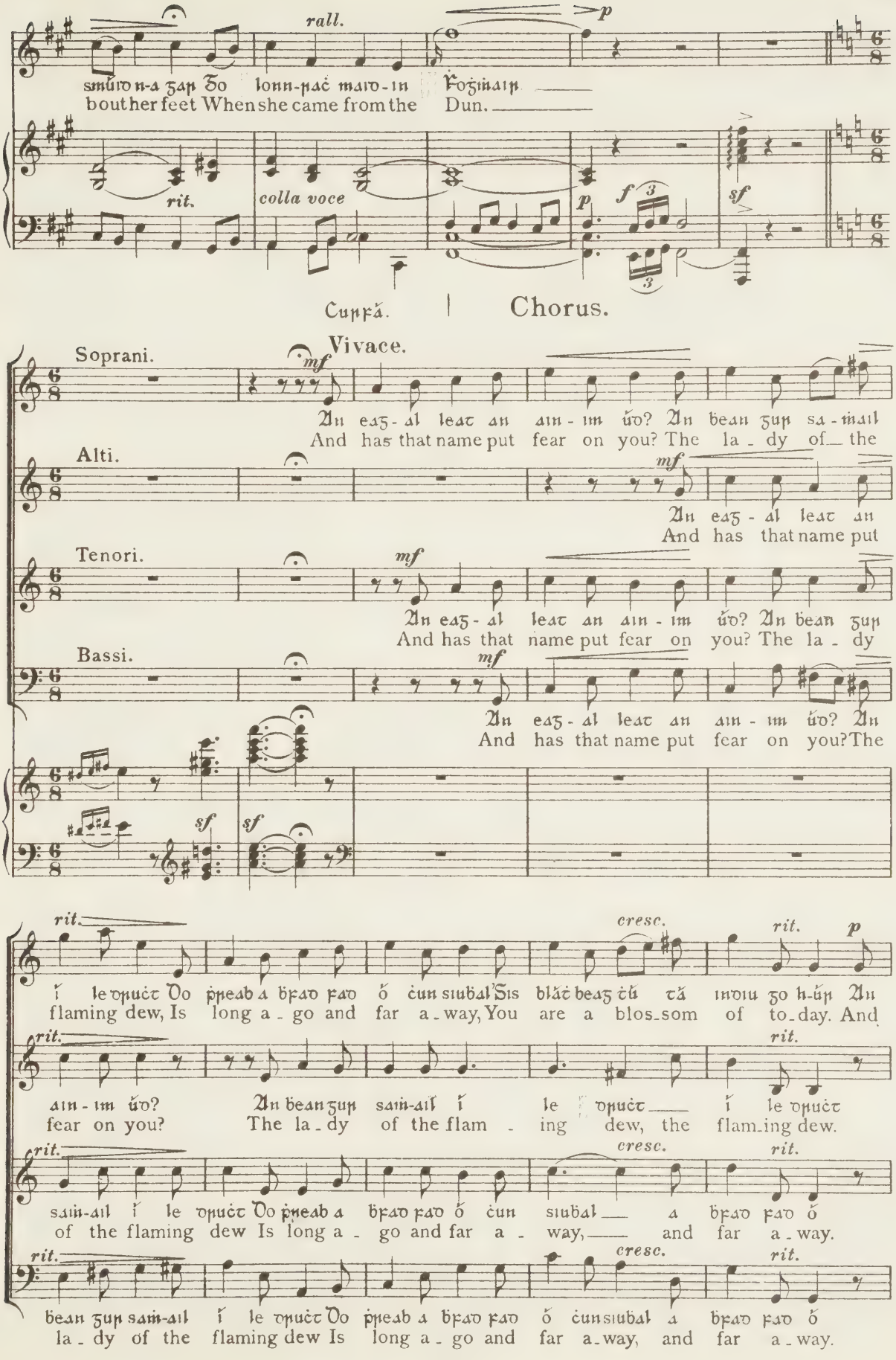
mf
Ná bac iad súd
Let the Gods be.
Is cuma dúinne 'nniu pé maith dóib nó beó. An lá sa's
To-day it matters not whether they live or die, to-day is
linn leó siúd i m-báig-eac seadh san lá i - ndé.
ours, They have to-mor-row ay, and yes - ter - day.
Do gnoth an -
The bit - ter
éig-eacht ua - ta dá n-in - deóin
yes-ter-day that stole their Youth.
Is seo'nnso sinne
Up - on the grave
Ar bpeadh éan - lae a -
of that which they have
- máin
lost
Ar bpuaic
We stand,
na huaigen-ar cuip-eadh iad
the em-per-ors of one
go léig.
fair day:
Ná loit-i - dís an
Let us not spoil it
lá so op - ainn féin
with the thought of them.
A cladaigí rinnce.
A dance, You laggards!
f
cresc.

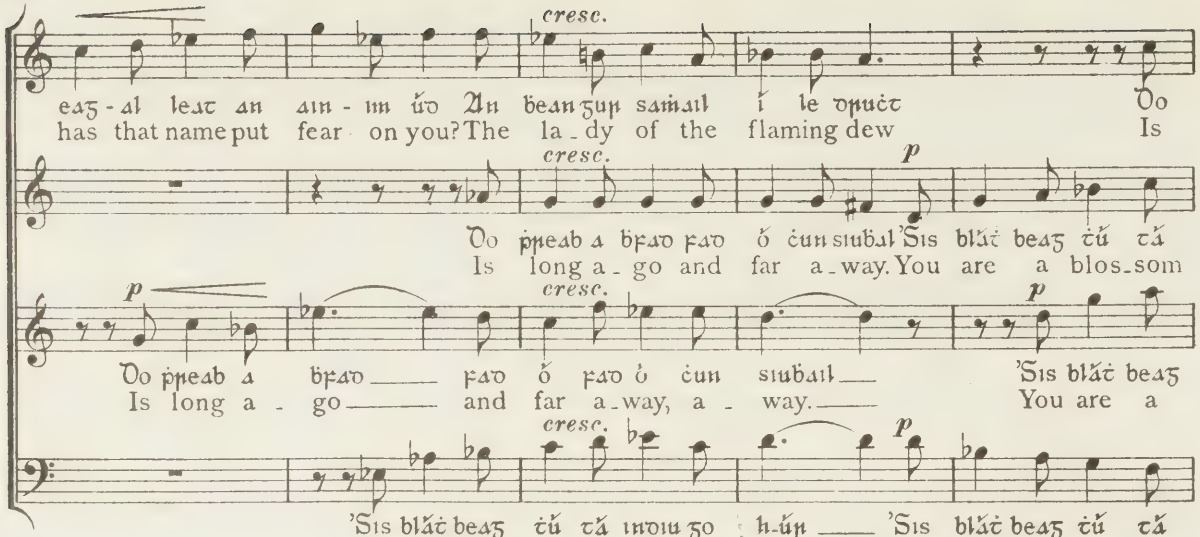
Aoḋ, Muiṙġĕis, Diarmuid ṙl.
Hugh, Muirgheis, Diarmuid. All.
Cṙuaċan.
Croghan.
Éisc! O ṙinn - ci - mís ṙinncimís
Fool! A dance, a dance! A dance!
Rinncṙiḋ tu - sa liom a Mäiṙe
Mai - re, will you dance with me to-
Mäiṙe.
Maire.
'noċt? Anoċt ní ṙinncṙeaḋ
night? To-night I cannot.
Rinncṙeaḋṙém imbäiṙeaċ.
I shall dance to-morrow.
Rïl. | Reel or Cor.
Fine.
D. C. al Fine.

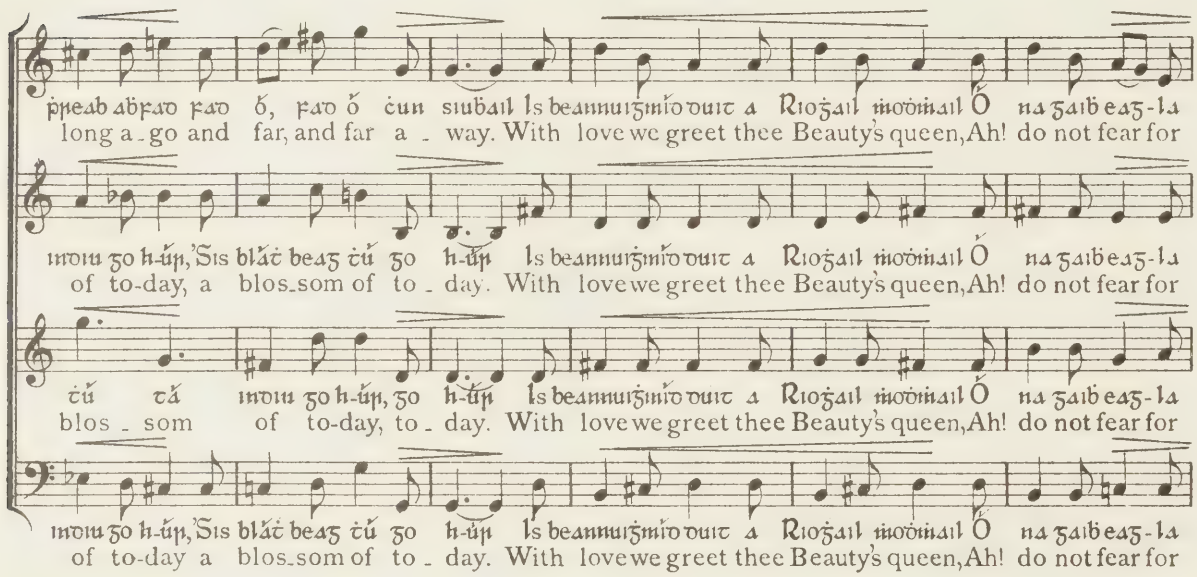
Moderato.
O Gnïm.
O'Gneeve.

mf
Aoirò Duill bïo' ṡuiḋe 'gus abair amṗán dúinn Is dèin Muiṙġéis do mhaiḋ duinn leo'
Rise up, Hugh Dall, and make a song for us Shall lift the name of Muirgheis to the
ċoil Go mbeiḋ'a clú ċoin háiḋ le mór-ċlú Fann Do ċroiḋ le h Éimir ṙinn maṙ ġeall ar
skies; There let it shine as shines the name of Fand, who strove with Eimer in those twilight
Muiṙġéis.
Muirgheis.
ṙear Na céaḋtabhaḋamó ṡoin in-Eirinn báin An t-ainm úd gan ṙáċ.
days When women of two worlds fought for one man. Ah, the unlucky name!
sf
sf
p
bï i-
The
p
cresc.
-nġean a-máin bï Fán na gcleas Az sïoḋ-ṙlaiṫ Cas Aoḋa Ruaiḋ Sï ċuiṙ-eaḋ ṙás um
fae-ry king of As-sa-roe Had one fair daughter Fand, In march she made the
p
cresc.
p


mf
cresc.
Mártа amaċ Ar blátа aċt bas n-a mbuaic
ro-ses grow By touching with her hand
Bíoð cnainn ag sgéiðe So
The na-ked branches
dim.
mf
h-éas-gaiðair Is líle ag teaċt trí ṕéar na gclas'San saoġal fá ṕear-tainn cruaið
of-the tree, she brought the li-lies to the lea, When snow was on the land
rit.
mf
Tuġ ail-ne a gnuis-e an Cú go laġ Nuaiṗeapc in' ais-ling
A-lit-tle tress of her long hair Was brighter than the
p
f
sf
p
cresc.
p
Í Do ċuip an subaċ go dubaċ gan ṗneab Is cubar na mara i
sun Her beau-ty was as free as air That breathes for every
p
Agitato.
f
cresc.
n-oisg Trát d'éag an dún ċum siubal-óiо seal ba gnaṫ an druċt gan
one The dew of Au-tumn evenings sweet Blazed up in fire a-
f colla voce
cresc.

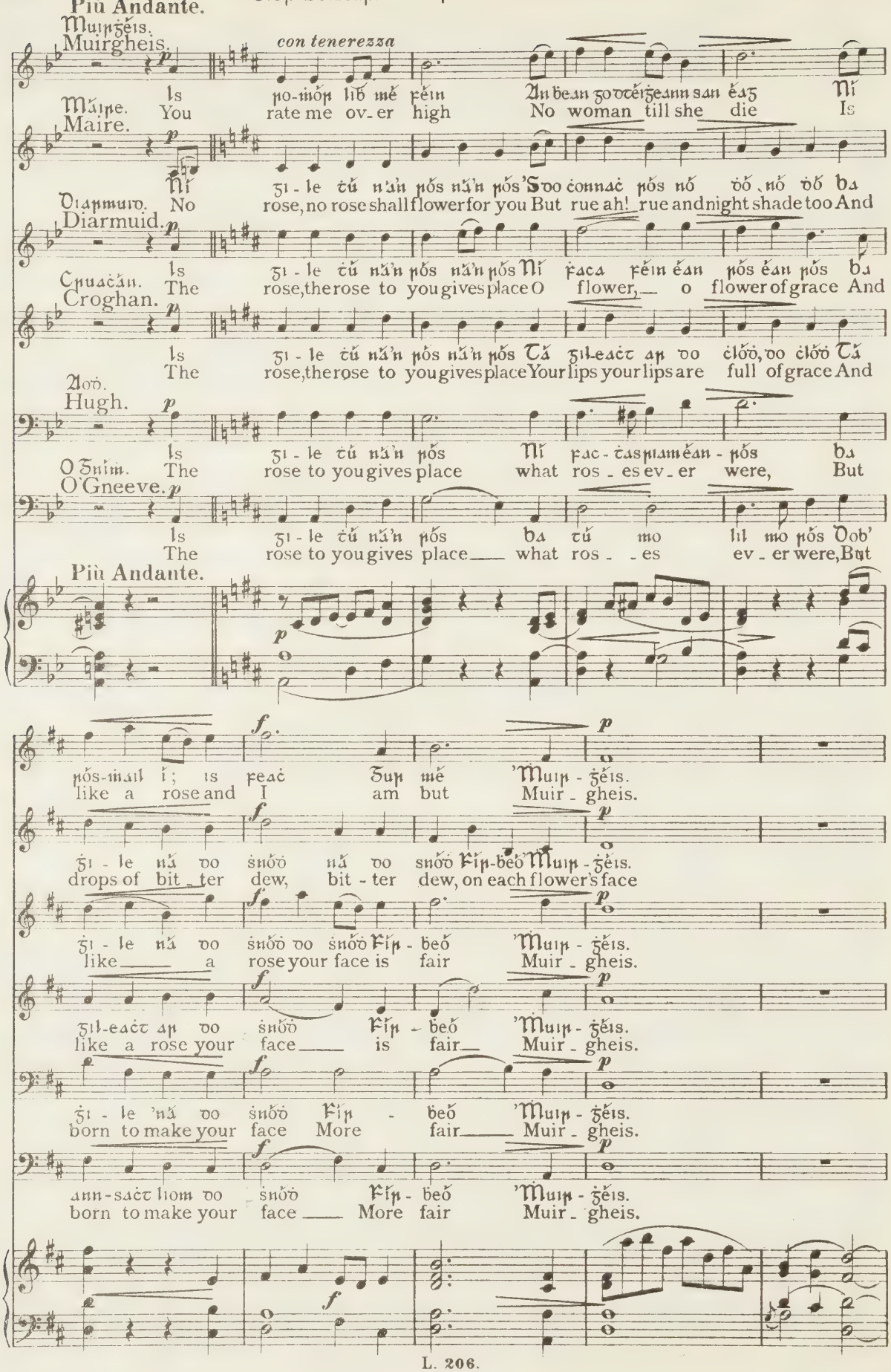

rall.
p
smúid n-a gap bo lonn-pac maid-in Foghmair
bout her feet When she came from the Dun.
rit.
colla voce
p
f
sf
Cuppá.
Chorus.
Soprani.
Vivace.
mf
An eag-al leat an ainm úd? An bean gup sa-mail
And has that name put fear on you? The la-dy of the
Alti.
mf
An eag-al leat an
And has that name put
Tenori.
mf
An eag-al leat an ainm úd? An bean gup
And has that name put fear on you? The la-dy
Bassi.
mf
An eag-al leat an ainm úd? An
And has that name put fear on you? The
sf
sf
rit.
cresc.
rit.
p
í le druct Do phreab a bfad fad ó cun siubal Sis blát beag tú tá indiu go h-úr An
flaming dew, Is long a-go and far a-way, You are a blos-som of to-day. And
rit.
rit.
ainm úd? An bean gup samail í le druct í le druct
fear on you? The la-dy of the flam-ing dew, the flam-ing dew.
rit.
cresc.
rit.
samail í le druct Do phreab a bfad fad ó cun siubal a bfad fad ó
of the flaming dew Is long a-go and far a-way, and far a-way.
rit.
cresc.
rit.
bean gup samail í le druct Do phreab a bfad fad ó cun siubal a bfad fad ó
la-dy of the flaming dew Is long a-go and far a-way, and far a-way.


cresc.
eag-al leat an ain-im ŭd An bean gup saiṁail í le druċt Do
has that name put fear on you? The la-dy of the flaming dew Is
cresc. p
Do ṗeab a bṗad ṗad ó ċun siubal 'Sis blăṫ beag ċŭ tă
Is long a-go and far a-way. You are a blos-som
p cresc. p
Do ṗeab a bṗad ṗad ó ṗad ó ċun siubail 'Sis blăṫ beag
Is long a-go and far a-way, a-way. You are a
cresc. p
'Sis blăṫ beag ċŭ tă indiu go h-ŭr 'Sis blăṫ beag ċŭ tă
You are a blossom of to-day. You are a blos-som


ṗeab aḃṗad ṗad ó, ṗad ó ċun siubail Is beannuiġiṁíd duit a Rioġail ṁoṁail Ó na gaiḃeag-la
long a-go and far, and far a-way. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for
indiu go h-ŭr, 'Sis blăṫ beag ċŭ go h-ŭr Is beannuiġiṁíd duit a Rioġail ṁoṁail Ó na gaiḃeag-la
of to-day, a blos-som of to-day. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for
ċŭ tă indiu go h-ŭr, go h-ŭr Is beannuiġiṁíd duit a Rioġail ṁoṁail Ó na gaiḃeag-la
blos-som of to-day, to-day. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for
indiu go h-ŭr, 'Sis blăṫ beag ċŭ go h-ŭr Is beannuiġiṁíd duit a Rioġail ṁoṁail Ó na gaiḃeag-la
of to-day a blos-som of to-day. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for

mf
ṁuo ar doṁan Ar sluaiġte leat ó ċroiḋe naċ gann A Muirġéis dil năr ġi-le Fann.
things unseen. You have us heart and soul and hand Oh! Muirgheis fai-rer far than Fand.
mf
ṁuo ar doṁan Ar sluaiġte leat ó ċroiḋe naċ gann A Muirġéis dil năr ġi-le Fann.
things unseen. You have us heart and soul and hand Oh! Muirgheis fai-rer far than Fand.
mf
ṁuo ar doṁan Ar sluaiġte leat ó ċroiḋe naċ gann A Muirġéis dil năr ġi-le Fann.
things unseen. You have us heart and soul and hand Oh! Muirgheis fai rer far than Fand.
mf
ṁuo ar doṁan Ar sluaiġte leat ó ċroiḋe naċ gann A Muirġéis dil năr ġi-le Fann.
things unseen. You have us heart and soul and hand Oh! Muirgheis fai-rer far than Fand.

Máire.
Maire.
Seaḋ Aoḋ bíaḟsáṁuiḟaḋ ceóil na cloinne ar ḟad Má tá de ḋán-act ion - nat
Sing, Hugh, and better what the clans have sung If you are bold enough to
mf
Moderato.
Aoḋ.
Hugh.
p
súd do ḟóbail.
dare so much.
Is ḟi - le dúṫ 'ná'n ṕós Ní
The rose to you gives place, What
p
ḟac - tas riaṁ éan-ṕós ba ḟi - le 'ná do ṡnúḋ Éiṁ-beó Muiṁḟéis.
ros_es ev_er were, But born to make your face More fair, Muirgheis?
p
An caṁ-ṫann d'ṕéac ro' ṡnúḋ Tuṁ d'éiriḋ air an ṁeóḋ Is
The quieken looked on you, And red with berries grew; Your
ḟás - ann Samraḋ ro' ḋeóiḋ ḟo ṅóḋ Muiṁ-ḟéis.
breath sent summer through the air, Muir_gheis....
sf


Più Andante.
Muirgheis.
con tenerezza
Is
You
Maire.
rate me ov-er high
No woman till she die
Is
No
Diarmuid.
rose, no rose shall flower for you But rue ah! rue and night shade too And
Is
The
Croghan.
rose, the rose to you gives place O flower, o flower of grace And
Is
The
rose, the rose to you gives place Your lips your lips are full of grace And
Is
The
Hugh.
rose to you gives place what ros-es ev-er were, But
O'Gneeve.
rose to you gives place what ros-es ev-er were, But
Più Andante.
like a rose and I am but Muir-gheis.
drops of bit-ter dew, bit-ter dew, on each flower's face
like a rose your face is fair Muir-gheis.
like a rose your face is fair Muir-gheis.
born to make your face More fair Muir-gheis.
born to make your face More fair Muir-gheis.

bean ċṙónta pósť' ón ɣcléiṁ Is ɣṙáð ṙíoɣ óiɣ dá scéiṁ Is
A woman crowned and wed Up - on whose happy head, A
Is lus na meað - aṁ - óɣ Má ṫéaċ-ṙaiḋ aṁ do ċlóḋ Ní ṙás-ṙaiḋ
The garland I will tear And from your fore head fair Pluck off that
bí'n cloɣ aɣ déan - aṁ ceóil An lá úd ins an bṙoɣmaṁ ba
When bells rang out for you, Their mer_ry mer_ry wedding chime Thy
bíonn mil-seaċt aɣ - us bṙóḋ'ɣus bṙóḋ Ɣaċ áit i mbíṁ san lóṁ Is
The wild swans for your sake, your sake, Came back to Currane lake, And
An cáṁ-ċann d'ṫéaċ id' śnóḋ Ɣus d'éiṁ - iɣ aṁ an ṁeóḋ Is ṙás - ann
Thou woman kind and fair love crowns your sha_dowy hair, The touch of
An cáṁ-ċann d'ṫéaċ id' ċlóḋ 'S bí bláṫ' aiṁ lá 'le Póil bíoḋ Saṁ-ṙaḋ
The quicken looked on you, And red with ber_ries grew The woodruff
siúḋ an bean as céaḋ A laoɣ 'Muiṙɣéis Ná ṫṙáċt ṫaṁ
king his love has shed, his love Muirgheis! Why should you
sé id'ḋeóid Ní ṙás-ṙaiḋ sé id' ḋeóid 'Muiṙɣéis
crown you wear, Pluck off that crown you wear Muirgheis!
bin - ne liom ɣo móṁ Do śnóḋ 'Muiṙɣéis
breath sent summer through The air Muirgheis!
ṙáɣ-aiṁ Saṁ-ṙaḋ id'ḋeóid Ɣo nóḋ 'Muiṙɣéis
buds to blos_som break For you Muirgheis!
saṁ-ṙaḋ id'ḋeóid id' ḋeóid Ɣo nóḋ, ɣo nóḋ 'Muiṙɣéis
time will spare The crown you wear, you wear Muirgheis!
ṁiaṁ id' ḋeóid' Ɣo nóḋ 'Muiṙɣéis
whiter grew For you Muirgheis!

Moderato.

Aod.
Hugh.

mf

pós-aib dheoigte liom-sa indiu San saogal lán suas de blát-aib geal - a dam D'éag-as - sa
sing of ros-es that are dead? To - day my world is in full flower for me. Out of my

tréim' daille roman a - mac is conn - aic mise an fógmar ag dhuid-im
dream with prophe-tie eyes I looked a head and saw the autumn

p

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

mf

ort 'Sé fa - ca tusa acht oig - e's Earrach gnáth 'Tá smúid ar agaid mo ghnáth
come, while you saw on-ly youth, and love, and spring. Your eyes are clouded love.

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

agitato

p

Cad cuig' é sin? Má bí sonn orm a ghnáth ní raib ann acht beag-scamall d'éag
What ails my wife? If I was clouded, dearest, it was - but By a light cloud

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

mo caib-dheamh orm ó 'néir is goill - fid coidce ort má
grown out of last night's dream. The fear unspoken is the

3 3

Muirgheis.
rall.
ċeiṫ - liṁ é acc innis dúinn é's fáġaiḋ a buaiḋ-ṡeaṁ oṁc Do
coldest fear, tell us your dream, Muirgheis, and be at peace. I
rall.
sf
Andante moderato.
ċua - la éan aġ caoi - ġol Dob' ṡaoiṫeann í ó'n
heard a wild bird cry - ing, A sea-gull of the
dṫáiġ Is do ġoid sí siúd mo ċroide uaim ġan súil ġo bṡill - ṡíd
sea;... And the heart from out my bos - som Was wiled a - way from
cresc.
slán Ní luaṫ mo mḗaṁ' aṁ sniom - aḋ 'nis Mo
me. My fin - gers tired of rock and reel, My
cresc.
ċosa ó'n dtíṁ is tláṫ An Foġmar do ċuiṁ-eas dṁuim leis San
feet tired of the plain,... I turned my back on har - vest And

rall.
tCap-pac linn dob' ail 'San tCap-pac linn dob' ail
prayed for spring a - gain And prayed for spring a - gain
tr
colla voce
cresc.
p
Teirim suas go barr an peird-chuic Nó sios cois tsaob na trágha 'S ní
I go up to the mountain, I go down to the sea, I
p
h-uaig-neach hom ná- aer - eac Thé méid na- péine im'- lár O
am not sad, I am not glad, For there's no heart in me. I
stringendo
bím - se ag iarr - aidh éin - ín dó lm' geilt boct baoc an
go for ev - er seek - ing A wand' ring voice, and
colla voce
cresc.
tr
fáin 'S gan glór ag tréacht im' éis - teacht Uí- nabar-tha thean na
all. I hear is the sea lap - ping a gainst the grey sea -
tr
8
sf

rall. rit.
pp
trăʒa Aċ naḃaṛ-ċaṫṛean na trăʒa.
wall a gainst the grey sea - wall.
colla voce
pp
Moderato.
O Gnīm.
O'Gneeve.
Muiṛġĕis.
Muirgheis.
mf
Nĭ ṗeic-im ṗĕin-iʒ ĕan - ḋoċaṛ ann a 'niʒean.
Well, daughter, there is no mischief in this dream.
Do bĭ mo ʒnuaḋ-na
My cheeks were wet when
Diaṛmuiḋ.
Diarmuid.
ṗhuċ nuaiṛ do ḋŭisiʒeas Aċt bĭ binn-ċeŏl im' ċluasaiḃ.
I awoke, and yet My dream was full of music.
Tá binn-ċeŏl iʒ-commuṛde aʒ taiṫ-neamh
Like your life, you move and breathe to
as do saoġal a ʒnăḋ Maṛ-ṫaʒann bolaṛḋ ăluinn as an pŏs
music, O my sweet, As un-to perfume moves and breathes a rose
Più Allegro.
Seaḋ a luċt na pĭbe ʒlĕasaiʒ lib is seinnṛḋ ḋŭinn-ne poṛt.
Come my merry pipers tune your drones, and play your liveliest jig.
Poṛt.
Jig.

1.
2.
1.
2.
D. C. al Fine.
Fine.
Moderato.
Máire.
Maire.
mf
Tá'n please so ull - ain.
The wreath is read.y.
Aoḋ. (holding out his hand.)
Hugh.
Máire.
Maire.
Tabair ḋom ṗéin é ar ḋtúis Nach ḋá-na meas-ṗá láim leat
Give it first to me, What will a blind man's fingers
Aoḋ.
Hugh.
air do ċur is iad mo láma is sú - ile ḋam is tá Ruḋ gheanmnar éig - in tuiceall orm a -
make of leaves? My fingers are my eyes, and all of me Feels something strange and evil in the

-nocht Nach dorcha tá an tig 's na tóirsí dó Is geall le h-aer na ma-ra aer an
air — Is not the hall grown dark, the torches dim? The air tastes salt and cold upon my
Máire.
Maire.
tige. Ná bí ag cnáimseáil mar bean sean-cailleach Tioc-fad ó gleann na sige 'sa
lips. You are as full of bodings as a crone Bred in the haun - ted glen of
sf
Baile Breac.
Ballybrack.
Aodh.
Hugh. (feeling the wreath.)
Ní cáir-thann glas é seo
These are not rowan leaves —
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.
Tabair chugam an
Bring me the
rall.
Aodh.
Hugh.
mf
fleasc
wreath.
Caithuait ar lár é Tá contabairt duit ann Ná cuir an choróin glas timcheall ar do
Here is some mis-chief. Throw the garland down, My Queen, lest there be set upon your
mf
Muirgheis. (As Maire puts the wreath on her head.)
Muirgheis.
Aodh.
Hugh.
cheann No fás-fairg bhán is caol gnáthach dá bárr 'S an gcaitfinn bláthta a mheathgadh Fóir-ín a
head A crown of sorrow, not a bridal crown. Should I wear withered flowers? Alas! my
sf

Ríogan Táim dein - in i-dteac sup
queen! Trust it from you for
fígead thé fuait duit é
fate has woven it,
Tá draoideacht gan truaig ar
And sor - ce - ry is
bárr na mbuilleog nglas tá
in each living leaf. I -
scamall dub an uile go
tell you Something ev - il
mear ag tréacht os cionn an
darkens down Up - on this
(to Diarmuid)
duin seo a - nocht a-deirm leat Cim-éad do
Dun with sha-dow-dropping wings. Hold fast to
gheim ná sgar - ad if - reann
her, though Death and hell come
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid (angrily).
féin ó céi - le sib a Dé
in To - sun-der you. O God!
dá bhfagainn seal mo radharc
had I but mine eyes.
Stad
What,
(Pushing Hugh)
5
sead ná beir ar láim na — ríog-na ro' láim
would you touch the queen's hand — with your hand?
Baib siar no geobad ort bíod gur dall a - -
Stand back, lest I for-get that you are

Cuppă.

Faery Chorus

(for female voices; to be sung behind the stage).

-taoi.
blind.
Soprani I.
Téan - am linn gan moill go Tír na mbeó
Come to that greenland where ev-er - more
Soprani II.
Téan - am linn gan moill go Tír na mbeó, Go Tír na
Come to that greenland where ev-er - more where ev - er -
Alti.
Téan - am linn gan moill go Tír na mbeó Ó's ceól gan ċríoċ do bíonn ann oíḋċe's
Come to that greenland where ev-er- more One listens to sweet music night and
Ó's ceól gan ċríoċ do bíonn ann oíḋċe's Ló Dá
One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day O
mbeó Ó's ceól gan ċríoċ do bíonn ann oíḋċe's Ló Dá
more, One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day O
Ló Ó's ceól gan ċríoċ do bíonn ann oíḋċe's Ló Dá áil-neaċt Éi-re Dá
day One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day O fair is E-ri O
áil-neaċt Éi-re ǯéill do Tír na nÓg; Sa bé na ǯéibṙionn téan am linn go deó ió Ó
fair is E-ri but more fair this shore O! Beau-ty of all Beauty, Come a-way. From
áil-neaċt Éi-re ǯéill do Tír na nÓg; Sa bé na ǯéibṙionn téan am linn go deó ió Ó
fair is E-ri but more fair this shore O! Beau-ty of all Beauty Come a-way. From
áil-neaċt Éi-re ǯéill do Tír na nÓg; Sa bé na ǯéibṙionn téan am linn go deó ió Ó
fair is E-ri but more fair this shore O! Beau-ty of all Beauty Come a-way. From

sáil go ginn is aoil-da bíonn ár gclóid Ár ngruaid-na bíd go síor ar
head to foot our bodies are like snow, Our cheeks are red as fox - glove
sáil go ginn is aoil-da bíonn ár gclóid Ár ngruaid-na bíd go síor ar dáil an
head to foot our bodies are like snow, Our cheeks are red as foxglove blos - soms
sáil go ginn is aoil-da bíonn ár gclóid Ár ngruaid-na bíd go síor ar dáil an
head to foot our bodies are like snow, Our cheeks are red as foxglove blos - soms
dáil an póis go síor ar dáil an póis
blossoms there, as fox - glove blossoms there;
póis Nár ngruaig ag fige na mínsgoil bíonn do nós Nár
there; We weave the flowers of April in our hair We
póis Nár ngruaig ag fige na mínsgoil bíonn do nós Nár ngruaig ag fige na mín-sgoil
there; We weave the flowers of April in our hair We weave the flowers of April
Nár ngruaig ag fige na mínsgoil bíonn do nós bíonn do
We weave the flowers of April in our hair, in our
ngruaig ag fige na mín-sgoil bíonn do
weave the flowers of A - pril in our
bíonn do nós do nós is tuil - te fín is fíor-mil ann le
in our hair, our hair; And streams of wine and mead with warm flood
nós Is tuil te fín is fíor-mil ann le
hair; And streams of wine and mead with warm flood
nós Is tuil - te fín is fíor-mil ann le n-ól bíd ann le
hair; And streams of wine and mead with warm flood flow, with warm flood
n-ól bíd ann le
flow, with warm flood

p
cresc.
n-ŏl, Dă ăilneăct Ĕi - re is tre̊ĭt seoc Tĭr na mbeŏ An măȝ ȝeal tsĕim n-a dteĭdeann ȝo sĭor an
flow. O fair is E - ri, but yet not so fair As this Moy-mell where youth grows nev-er
n-ŏl, Dă ăilneăct Ĕi - re is tre̊ĭt seoc Tĭr na mbeŏ An măȝ ȝeal
flow. O fair is E - ri, but yet not so fair As this Moy-
tŏȝ An Măȝ ȝeal tsĕim n-a dteĭdeann ȝo sĭor an tŏȝ A
old; As this Moy-mell where youth grows nev-er old; O!
tsĕim n-a dteĭdeann ȝo sĭor an tŏȝ A
mell where youth grows nev-er old; O!
tsĕim n-a dteĭdeann ȝo sĭor an tŏȝ, A băb na sȝĕi - ne
mell where youth grows nev-er old; O! Beau - ty of all
băb na sȝĕi - ne ȝlĕ ȝan smuid ȝan smŏl In ăird ar finn do ċinn bĕrd mionn ȝeal
Beauty of all Beauty, you shall wear Up - on your head a crown of fai - - ry
băb na sȝĕi - ne ȝlĕ ȝan smuid ȝan smŏl In ăird ar finn do ċinn bĕrd mionn ȝeal
Beauty of all Beau - ty, you shall wear Up - on your head a crown of fai - ry
ȝlĕ ȝan smuid ȝan smŏl In ăird ar finn do ċinn bĕrd mionn ȝeal ŏir bĕrd mionn ȝeal
Beauty, you shall wear up - on your head a crown of fai - ry gold of fai - ry
(the fairies are seen here)
mf
ŏir Is tĕan - am linn ȝan moill ȝo Tĭr na mbeŏ
gold. Then come to that green land where ever - more,
mf
ŏir Is tĕan - am linn ȝan moill ȝo Tĭr na mbeŏ ȝo Tĭr na
gold. Then come to that green land where ever - more, where ev - er -
mf
ŏir Is tĕan - am linn ȝan moill ȝo Tĭr na mbeŏ Ós ceŏl ȝan ċrĭoċ do bhionn ann oidċe is
gold. Then come to that green land where ever - more, One listens to sweet music night and

— Ó's ceól gan chíoc do bíonn ann oíche is lá Sná
— One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day. The
mbeó Ó's ceól gan chíoc do bíonn ann oíche is lá Sná
more One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day. The
lá Ó's ceól gan chíoc do bíonn ann oíche is lá Sná buaile-teap cluig san
day One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day. The bell-branch is not
buaile-teap cluig san típ úo d'inn-sinc sgeól nă sgeól
bell-branch is not sha-ken on that shore that shore
buaile-teap cluig san típ úo d'inn-sinc sgeól Sná buaile-teap cluig san típ úo d'innsinc
bell-branch is not sha-ken on that shore, The bell-branch is not sha-ken on that
típ úo d'inn-sinc sgeól Sná buaile-teap cluig san típ úo d'inn - sinc
sha-ken on that shore, The bell-branch is not sha - ken on that
meno mosso
p
rall.
ppp
— Ó báb an tsuaimnis gluais - se linn go deóid.
— O! Beau - ty of all Beau - ty, come a - way.
sgeól Ó báb an tsuaimnis gluais-se linn go deóid.
shore O! Beau - ty of all Beau - ty, come a - way.
sgeól Ó báb an tsuaimnis gluais-se linn go deóid.
shore O! Beau-ty of all Beau - ty, come a - way.
Moderato.
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
Cad cuige'n púic-ín seo n'ón tuil-lead gcinn?
Is this a masque to make our feast more gay?

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.
Tuig ar sluaig-cleasuibe
Why do the mummers
fairrin dorais tíos
tar-ry at the door?
O táim ag éir-ge comhtha'n
I am grown weary of this
cresc.
greann go leir Do dein-eadh bheis gáir-ibe
re-vel-ling, Our guests have laughed too loud.
ba maith liom ceól beadh
I would have rest And
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
socair ciúin mar tá an ceól so'nuso beinn ar mo thoil is luig-finnsiar cum suain Racham ar-
music like this music that is faint With its own sweetness like a rose full-blown. Soon you shall
mf
-aon cum suain gan moill a chuid Is-teach leó siúd is tuig-aid-is duinn ceól Is
rest, heart's heart, and in my arms. Call in the play-ers to play out their play And
rall.
tuig-thar diol dóib is ag im-theacht bíd Do dál-ta táim-se féin tuir-seach de'n ghleadh.
take their guerdon and so get them gone. Like you, I am half tired of laugh and song.
rall.
sf

Donn. (Donn of the Sandhills appears at the end of the Hall surrounded by sea-faeries)

p
Ó gluais liom féin ó
I call thee from the
Più moderato.
p
člaon na gcríoč Féinmuin is dí - lis cáiď Seo buaineačt glé uaim d'éan-toil díb
changing land To the unchanging sea; I bring a bride-gift in my hand
cresc.
rit.
Éan-bruinneal min mo gnáď Is uasal sgéim glan péip na gcríoč Ačt géill do'n rí - muip
Of immorta - li - ty. The land is fair, but fair - er far The pastures of the
rit.
bárr Nío tual-aing péalt sa speip do surdeam Sin céad-taim'cli duit trát
sea. Canst thou reach down the low - est star? My sea-fires gleam for thee
rit.
mf
Ní'l abainn dá mérd nač léip a cnoc Ag teačt ins a mín-muip
All ri-vers run un - to one end And per - ish in the

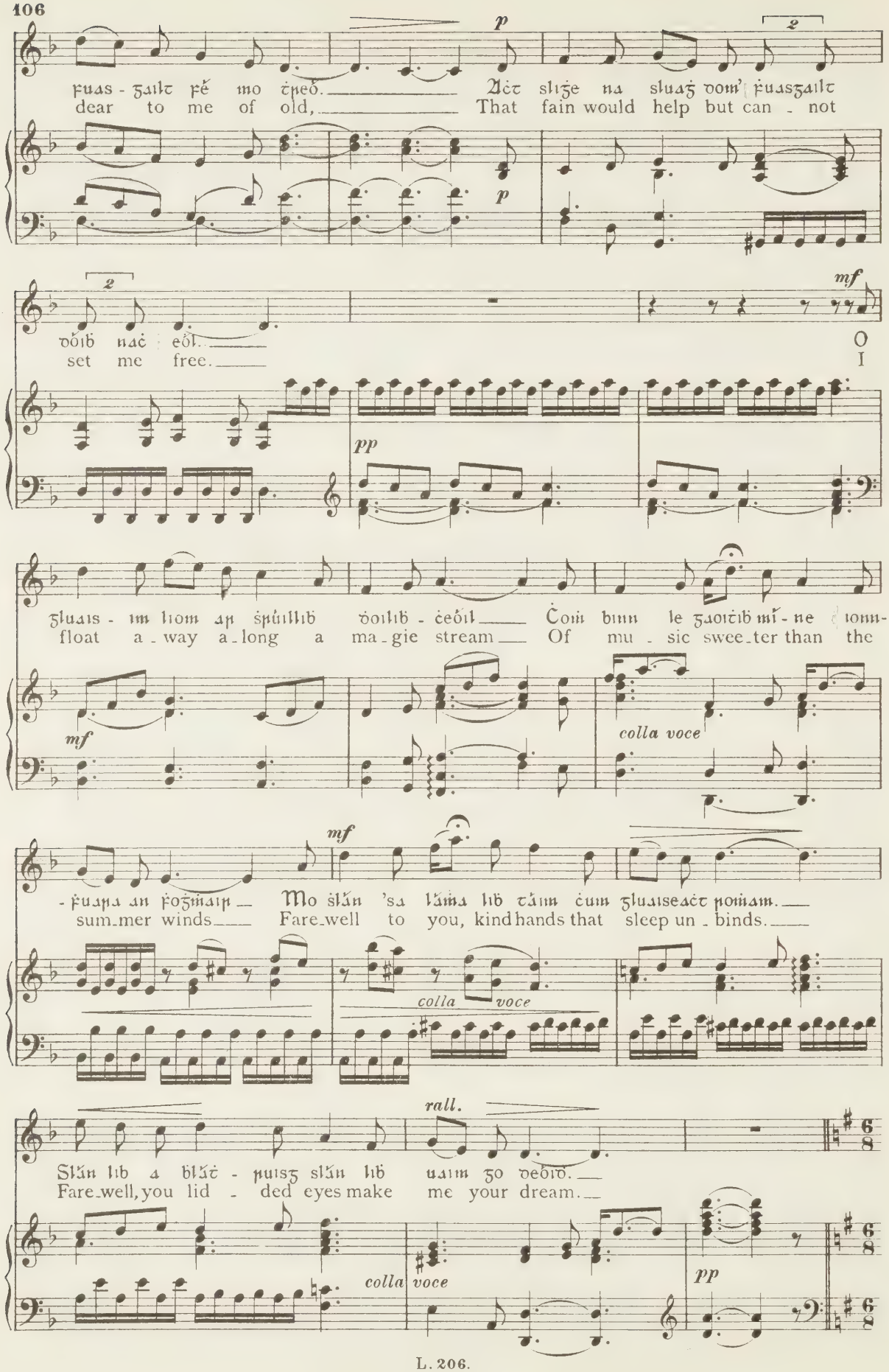
cresc.
ǎipd Do ɣaman do ɣaol-ta tṙéiɣ ɣan moill do ĕan-cumann ċnoıde ɗam ɗǎil ba
sea; Turn thou from lov-er and from friend, And give thine heart to me. Thy
cresc.
lom tŭ ɣaol-ta ṫṙéiɣ-ṙi-ɗís ba lĕan an ɗíṫ leo' ɣṙǎɗ Nĭ
love shall suf-fer change and dearth, Thy friend the years e-strange; There
rit.
h-eann-naıc éine'n tsaoɣal ar tír An tṙéan-muın ṙíor go bṙǎṫ.
is no faith-ful-ness on earth The sea will ne-ver change.
rit.
Diarmuid.
Aod.
Hugh.
mf
Is ɣeall le suan-tṙaiɣe ṫṙom an ceól so 'ca
This mu-sic weighs like sleep u-pon my lids.
struggling against the sleep spell.
Tă
This
pp
ṫṙaoıdeaċt mbuaıc an ċeóil so's mo mall-aċt Imbuaıc an tĕ do ċeap ĕ Cıa h-ĕ
mu-sic is enchanted, and I cur-se the ma-kers of this mu-sic. Name the

sıŭo ȝò milleann a ainm ɒɹaoɒeaċt an t-ainm cóiɹ Tá m'anam caitte in-duibeaȝáiɹ
name That un_does sor_ce_ry the sacr_ed name, What is this darkness that en_
cresc.
éiȝ - inc dub ls ȝɹeim ȝo dain-ȝean aiȝe aɹ mo meabaiɹ'San t-ainm
shrouds my soul And keeps my lips from ut_trance of that name? It holds me
cresc.
ŭo ní ɸéadaim cuiñ-neain aiɹ Cá bɹuil an t-ainm? lab - ɹaɒ duine a -
fast as in a throbbing web; One word would break it. Will_ not some one
-ȝaiɒ A Mháiɹe labaiɹ ls tú ɸé ndeaɹɹ na scamaill ɒɹaoɒeaċta seo An
speak Mai_re e_ven you? You at the thres_hold of this dread_ful night The
sf
sf
(Maire laughs.)
t-ainm an t-ainm labaiɹ é A Máiɹ - e, ɸill 'ɸeall - tóiɹ
Name, the Name. Speak it. Who laughed? Ah, witch! ah, witch!
sf

Andante con moto.

Muirgheis.

Muirgheis. p
Mo ċṗeaċ mo luiṫ_ dá ṡuġaḋ ṗé ṁar an ċeóiṫ Mar
The mu - sic draws me as a drop of dew_ Is
mf
bṗaon de'n ḋṙúċt ṗé ċuinaċt na ġréine is lór_ An é seo'n bás a - tá go
drawn up by the sun and seen no more_ Can this be death, this power that
rit.
rit.
dlúṫ im' ċoṁair_ Ag spaċaḋ sníṫ 's dom ṗágaint ṗann gan treóir.
pas - ses o'er_ Bo_dy and soul, and breaks all bonds I knew?
p
p
Tá col-aḋ suain dom' sġuabaḋ - sa ṗé deóiḋ As láṁa gan luaḋail ba
Slowly and sure - ly sleep is wresting me From thin dim hands that have no
mf
p
mf
ṡuaiṁe ḣom seal_ o - ċón._ Dom'_ ċabair ba luaṫ le
power, no power_ to hold;_ Hands that I know were dear,were
f
fp


p
2
Fuas-gailt fé mo chéo. Act slige na sluag dom' fuasgailt
dear to me of old, That fain would help but can - not
p
2
mf
dóib nach éol.
set me free.
O
I
pp
gluais-im liom ar spúillib doilib-céoil Com binn le gaoitib mí-ne iomm-
float a-way a-long a ma-gie stream Of mu-sic swee-ter than the
mf
colla voce
mf
-fuara an fogmair Mo slán 'sa láma lib tám cum gluaiseact pomam.
sum-mer winds Fare-well to you, kind hands that sleep un-binds.
colla voce
rall.
Slán lib a blác-puisg slán lib uaim go deoid.
Fare-well, you lid-ded eyes make me your dream.
colla voce
pp
6/8
6/8

Faery Chorus.

For female voices.

Allegretto.
Sopr. I.
p
cresc.
O Ah! Ragarò tŭ lin-ne fĕin Muirgĕis. Wilt thou go with us Muir-gheis,
Tà nead fé gléas, fé'n aig-éan. Down to the sea? Here's they home.
Sopr. II.
Ragarò tŭ lin-ne fĕin Muirgĕis. Wilt thou go with us Muir-gheis,
Tà nead fé gléas, fé'n aig-éan. Down to the sea? Here's they home.
Alti I.
Ragarò tŭ lin-ne fĕin Muirgĕis. Wilt thou go with us Muir-gheis,
Tà nead fé gléas, fé'n aig-éan. Down to the sea? Here's they home.
Alti II.
Ragarò tŭ lin-ne fĕin Muirgĕis. Wilt thou go with us Muir-gheis,
Tà nead fé gléas, fé'n aig-éan. Down to the sea? Here's they home.
Allegretto.
Duit ann is sĕan, White flowers of foam,
Duit ann is sĕan Na Thy
Duit ann is sĕan, White flowers of foam,
Duit ann is sĕan Na Thy
Duit ann is sĕan, White flowers of foam,
Duit ann is sĕan Na Thy
Duit ann is sĕan, White flowers of foam,
Duit ann is sĕan Na Thy
sf
dim.

mblăṫa ngle.
flowers shall be.
Tă Donn na daibće ag teaċt Ullaiṁ
Donn of the sandhills waits For thy
p
cresc.
ṗoṁat-sa ṕéin ıṫ' ċoṁaiṁ-se ṕéin Tă ṕáil - ṫe ṗoṁat ıs céad
com_ing feet, thy com_ing feet; The sea has set its gates
Tıos ṕé'n uisce a
Open for thee, ah

Laoż — Tíos fé'n uisce a Laoż — O — otioc-fair linn fé'n muir, Muir-
sweet. — Open for thee ah sweet. — Ah! — Wilt thou go with us Muir.

Più mosso.
cresc.
-żéis. — As radarc an tsaożail? Na tonn-ta zlaodaid Dod'bazairt féin
-gheis, — Down to the sea? The waves are cal-ling, Beekoning thee.
Più mosso.
cresc.

le ċéi - le ṫéiṙiṙ ʒan staṙ seṙ' ḋéin Cum inn-sint sċéal Ḋuit ṗéin a laoʒ
Wave on wave gleams A-long the strand; Heavy with dreams They seek the land,
le ċéi - le ṫéiṙiṙ ʒan staṙ seṙ' ḋéin Cum inn-sint sċéal Ḋuit ṗéin a laoʒ
Wave on wave gleams A-long the strand; Heavy with dreams They seek the land,
le ċéi - le ṫéiṙiṙ ʒan staṙ seṙ' ḋéin Cum inn-sint sċéal Ḋuit ṗéin a laoʒ
Wave on wave gleams A-long the strand; Heavy with dreams They seek the land,
le ċéi - le ṫéiṙiṙ ʒan staṙ seṙ' ḋéin Cum inn-sint sċéal Ḋuit ṗéin a laoʒ
Wave on wave gleams A-long the strand; Heavy with dreams They seek the land,

Muiṙʒéis.
Muirgheis.
meno mosso
rall.
pp
'Muiṙ - ʒéis. Fiċ - i - miḋ leaṫ fiċ - i - miḋ leaṫ seo ċuʒ-aiḃ mé
Muir - gheis! We are waiting, we are waiting. I am com - ing
pp
'Muiṙ - ʒéis. Fiċ - i - miḋ leaṫ.
Muir - gheis! We are wait - ing
pp
'Muiṙ - ʒéis. Fiċ - i - miḋ leaṫ.
Muir - gheis! We are wait - ing
This Act closes on the last three bars, in complete darkness, as if the scene had vanished.
pp
Diarmuid.
'Muiṙ - ʒéis.
Muir - gheis!
Muiṙʒéis
Muirgheis!
meno mosso
colla voce
ppp

End of Act II.

an treas gnìom.

Raòarc a h-aon.

Tobar i n-ìmeall coille.

Act III.

Scene I.

A well at the edge of a wood in Background.

cresc.
sf
sf
p
Curtain. (Maire seated beside well.)
(enters Diarmuid)
mf
Moderato.
Diarmuid.
p
A Mháire taoi coin ciúin le cap - raig aoiro ba cóir go mbeadh do mhactnam ana -
You are as still as if to shield some dream Your flesh became im-pe-ne-tra-ble
p
Máire.
Maire.
mf
-dian Ag tard - readh bios go dtang ann-so cum óil Is tart orm; acht
stone. I dreamed that I came thirsting to this well And deeply drank but
bí an tart ro-mór Is teip a mú-chadh glan orm ann-so Mbíonn tart mar siúd ort
deep enough to quench My firey core of thirst, I could not drink Does my lord know such

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

(Bell tolls.)

Cuppă.

Chorus of Peasants.

Cross the stage, bell tolls at intervals during Chorus.

Fonn.

Andante espressivo.

SOPRANI. *p*

Tabair-se féin ó Éin-dia móir Mar gur thíot tíg síot nó gleó Tabair dó
God, Who makest wars to cease Give this troubled spi-rit peace Let his

Andord.

ALTI. *p*

Tabair-se féin ó Éin-dia móir Mar gur thíot tíg síot nó gleó Tabair dó
God, Who makest wars to cease Give this troubled spi-rit peace Let his

Coblach.

TENORI. *p*

Tabair-se féin ó Éin-dia móir Mar gur thíot tíg síot nó gleó Tabair dó
God, Who makest wars to cease Give this troubled spi-rit peace Let his

Dord.

BASSI. *p*

Tabair-se féin ó Éin-dia móir Mar gur thíot tíg síot nó gleó Tabair dó
God, Who makest wars to cease Give this troubled spi-rit peace Let his

siúd is dún-sa glóir Tall is só — Con-naic féin an séan's an bhón blais an
portion now be rest On-ly rest — He has tasted joy and woe Ta'en the

siúd is dún-sa glóir Tall is só — Con-naic féin an séan's an bhón blais an
portion now be rest On-ly rest — He has tasted joy and woe Ta'en the

siúd is dún-sa glóir Tall is só — Con-naic féin an séan's an bhón blais an
portion now be rest On-ly rest — He has tasted joy and woe Ta'en the

siúd is dún-sa glóir Tall is só — Con-naic féin an séan's an bhón blais an
portion now be rest On-ly rest — He has tasted joy and woe Ta'en the

mf

rian go dian n-a clód D'fág an saogal féd'déin de deóin Tabair do só — Siúd é
thorn and felt the throe For Thy sake he let earth go Give him rest — With his

mf

rian go dian n-a clód D'fág an saogal féd'déin de deóin Tabair do só — Siúd é
thorn and felt the throe For Thy sake he let earth go Give him rest — With his

mf

rian go dian n-a clód D'fág an saogal féd'déin de deóin Tabair do só Tabair do só Siúd é
thorn and felt the throe For Thy sake he let earth go Give him rest, give him rest With his

mf

rian go dian n-a clód D'fág an saogal féd'déin de deóin Tabair do só — Siúd é
thorn and felt the throe For Thy sake he let earth go Give him rest — With his

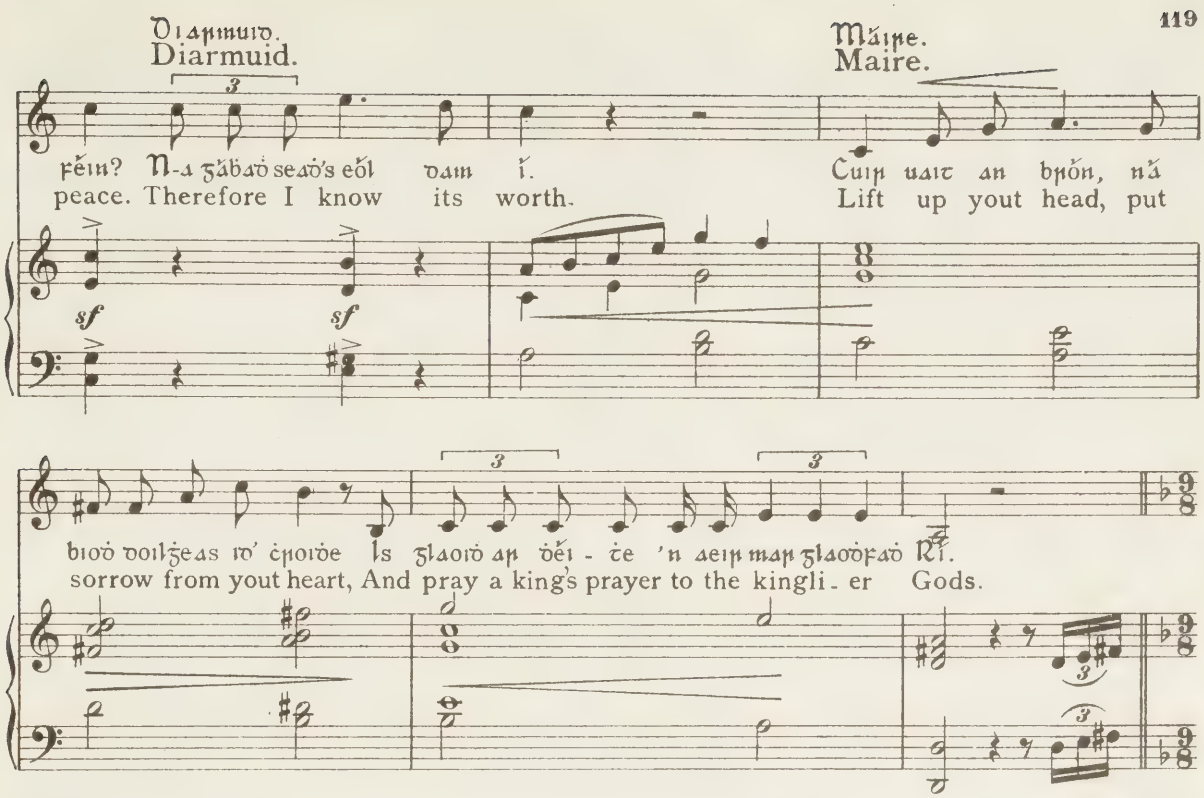
fé:n an tré:aduide cói:n Sí:n - te suas 'n-a su:an go deó:id Tabai:n go lua:t do duais do'
face towards the East, Sleeps the shepherd sleeps the priest Give him for his wage at
cresc.
stó:n sua:nneas só:g — Coisg an sío:n ó tide:act n-a tre:ó Coisg an doine:ann coisg an
least Dreamless rest — In Thy leash the storm re - strain That he hears not wind or
ró:t bío:d n-a luige go na:gaid o' comai:n lua:n na slo:g.
rain Till Thou bidd'st him rise a - gain With the blest.

Diarmuid. **Moderato.** Maire.

Cé cuige an caoin-tea-cáin so? Cia tá marb? An
Who is it that they caoine for? who lies dead? The
p
mf
sf
sf
3
t-Ait-air Sea-gán Ó Ragallaig Sod go deimin ba mi-cid dó sin mar bí dul dó céill; Do
old priest Michéal O' Reilly It was time he died, because he had outlived his wits, Al-
leig - - ead dos na coin-lib dul i n-éag Dear-mad-ad bla-ca cur ar
lowed the al-ter lights to gutter down, Brought weeds instead of flowers
p
an al-tóir Dearmadad ván - ta dia - da pád n-a gceart Is guidead cum crann is aibne's
to the shrine, Forgot the hymns and sung old ranns in-stead, And prayed to trees and rivers
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
péalt' an aeir 'S ar teas-tuig ós na sluaigtib side é siud? Nar bfeadr leó -
and white stars. What did they want of him, the heartless Shee, Who steel the

rall.
Meno mosso.
san ap t-ōg? Ní hāil leo'n sean. Nā'n fann nā'n liac nā'n intinn lag gan ceill.
Young a-way? They love not age And weakness and the twilight of the mind.
rall.
colla voce
p
Máire.
Maire.
Più Andante.
p
Com haosda bí go mbiod preacáin sa spéir Dá pád leis
He was so old the crows above him hung Caw - ing to
p
síon go mbiod an bás n-a gaor Agus óig-e's aoib-nis caoi-me túis a saogail Deamhdta
tell him he was ripe for death; He had for - gotten he was ev - er young, And all the
mf
bí pos - me sin tráth, mo léan Do coisg an cuac imbuaic an crainn ó
joys that springtime hallow - eth. He chid the cuckoo shouting in the
f
3
3
p
3
gladac Do mas - luig blá - ta fáis is ceól na n-éan Mar sin do tuill neamh-poiblan damhan go
tree, The flower for wasting gold-dust on the air, The thrush for singing through the vesper

léiṁ.
prayer.
'S an ṁaṗ-cṗa sɪ́ḋe ḋá aiṁ-leas luaṫ ḋo ġleas Ó'n ġcaṗ-ṗaiġ ḃaiṁ ó'n
So Earth was angry with him, and the Shee Came out from rath and
ṗáṫ 's ó ċuas-aiḃ sléiḃe Ḋe ḃṗiġ ġuṗ b'áil leis tṗáṫ ḋo ḃṗis-eaḋ tṗéiṫ Ḋeaġ-ċṗoiḋe na
rock to work him ill, Because he would have broken in his pride, Beauty that
háil - ne bṗeáġ, ṗé'n uaḃaṗ ċlaon San seóḋ ḋo ḋeiġilt ó ṗaḋaṗc ġac aicme'n tsaoġal An tam - aḋ -
had no purpose save to fill men's eyes with loveliness, but freely gave Her wealth to
- án 's an saiṗ-ṗeaṗ bíonn le céill Maṗ siúḋ ḋo ġluais le sluaiġ-tíḃ sɪ́ḋe 'ġus ḋéaġ.
wise man, beggar, fool and knave. Thus he was fae-ry-struck, and thus he died.
Diaṗmuiḋ.
Diarmuid.
Moderato.
Máiṗe.
Maire.
Síoċ-cáin ġo bṗuiġɪ́ḋ Caḋ ċui - ġe ġuiḋiṁ maṗ siúḋ, bṗuil síoċ oṁ
God give him peace! Why do you pray that prayer? You have no


Diarmuid.
Maire.
Féin? Ná gábad seadh's eól dam í.
peace. Therefore I know its worth.
Cuir uait an bhrón, ná
Lift up yout head, put
sf
sf
bíodh doilgeas ro' chroide Is glaoidh ar dé - che 'n aeir mar gladhfadh Rí.
sorrow from yout heart, And pray a king's prayer to the kingli - er Gods.

Amhán beirte. | **Duet.**

Allegro moderato.
Diarmuid.
p
Má caill - ro siúd a rún nó
The gods dont lose their love like
Maire.
mf
Ní ghádaid na deithe acht scéim is neart is maoin
The gods love power and beauty, and naught else.
Seá ____ cuir-
Yea, they re-
seanc a gcroide, nó seanc a gcroide
ta - mer folk, like ta - mer folk,
ca - chu-gad ní goill-fidh choidche orta go
Or if they lose they do not grieve so

-ıo dí - ob an ɣnaoı nă maıp-eann buan Nı hăıl leŏ'n te ɣup éaɣ a
lease the hands, the hands they held in theirs When vio_lets fade in eyes, as
buan ls eŏl dŏ - ıb flŭıp - se tabap-tas ɣneanta'n tsaoıɣıl ls cŭp - saí ɣnınn aɣ tıɣeact ı
long, Knowing that Time has more gifts beneath his cloak, And that at last, at last all
ɣean ɣo slop 'S ıs fuat leŏ pınn puısc d'fıɣeab ɣo maıt the buaıdıpt
flowers in dells, And smiles are but the chasms twixt de_spairs,
noıaıd an cpu - ad - ais Clann cpáıdte Lıp beıt mí - le bliadain ɣo buadap - ta,
sor_row makes a song Nine hundred years Lir's children bore their sor - row, Their
p
ɣo mait_ the buaıdıpt ls polaɣ is cás leŏ blá - ta dpeoıɣte buainte ls
the chasms twixt de_spairs. Ah! never will they re_member withered flowers Ah!
ɣcás a-pís ɣo bpill-pıd sé cum suaip-cis ɣo bpill-pıd sé cum suaip-cis Cé
grief will be a lul_la_by to_morrow. A_lul_la_by to_mor_row, Fate
polaɣ is cás leŏ blá - ta dpeoıɣ-te buain - te ls cás leŏ baint is dpeoɣad na
never will they, will they re_member withered flowers, will they remember withered
fada ó ceil' é féin is is - e ıdtuamba ls is-e ı dtuamba is is-é ı
did not bu_ry Gra_nia with her lo - ver, with her lo - ver, her_

mblăċ ___ Nĭoṁmanleo 'măin a ṗăŏ "'Seaŏ, toɣaiŏ uainn iaŏ ___ O
flowers ___ E_ven to say four words "these are not ours." ___ Ah!
ŏtuamba 'Sĕ clŭ - ŏaċ cĕaŏ - na ɟĕiṁ a - tă 'ṗtă 'n - uaċ - taṁ. An
lo _ ver, But both their graves the same green grass grows o _ ver the
is laɣ is căs leŏ blă - ta ŏneoiɣte buain - te Nĭoṁmanleo'main a ṗăŏ "'Seaŏ
never will they re _ member withered flowers. E_ven to say four words "these
clŭŏ - aċ ɟĕiṁ in - uaċ - taṁ in - uaċ - taṁ Cĕ ɟaŏ' ŏ ċĕil' ĕ ɟĕin is
same green grass grows o _ ver, grows o _ ver. Fate did not bu _ ry Gra _ nia
toɣ uainn iaŏ ___
are not ours." ___
i - se i ŏtuamba _
with her lo _ ver. ___
Moderato.
Măire.
Maire.
'S an labṁoɣaiŏ Diaṁuid aiṁ-laiŏ'ṁ ŏĕiċiŏ ɟăil Ni ŏean-ɟaiŏ sinŏ ŏeaṁnaŏ is
Was it my king who sang so thin a strain; What if the gods for_get, the

fɛ́ɪʊ - ɪɲ leó'n tsíoɲuɪ̇ɔeaċt buan oo ċuɲ ɪ n-uaɪɲ bíg ɣɲáṫa ɪ slíġe ġo
gods can pack E_ter_ni_ty in one small hour of love, Till all man's
ġcuiɲɲeoġaɪ̇ɔ fɪɲ an tsaoġail oɲċa ġo suaiɲc an fáɪɔ oo ɲɲaiɲfɪɔ.
u_niverse re_mem_bers them For e_ver and for e_ver.
T'uaiɲ - se 'nois Tá cion aġ ɔeiċe'n aeiɲ oɲt, iaɲɲ a -
Nows your hour To ask of gods who love you, and will
- nois Is tabaɲ-faɲ ɔuit aċt cuiɲ-niġ ġuɲ leó siúɔ ġaċ ɲuɔ is leat. Iaɲɲ a
give With la_vish hands, remem'bring for one hour That you are theirs. Ask, O
sf
Rí an ɔuais is feaɲɲ Seo é 'nois uaiɲ ɔo báis.
King, What boon you will_ Your hour has come to you.
sf

Cuppă na Sidheog
(caillinn)

Fairy Chorus.

(For female voices.)

To be sung behind the stage.

Fonn.
SOPRANI.

p *rit.* **Allegretto.**

1ad. Anndord.
1st CONTRALTI.
Mă siubhal oidhche speir-ne glé cois trágha Ó
Who - e_ver walks by moonlight on the sand May

2ad. Anndord.
2nd CONTRALTI.
Mă siubhal oidhche speir-ne glé cois trágha Ó
Who e_ver walks by moonlight on the sand May

p
Mă — siubhal oidhche speir-ne
Who e_ver walks by moonlight

sf colla voce

chi-fir mian is b'éidir's céim-chuit Fann beidh an naoin-mhadh tonn ag
chance up_on the shining track of Fand. He may hear the ninth wave

chi-fir mian is b'éidir's céim-chuit Fann beidh an naoin mhadh tonn ag caoin-eadh Ag-us
chance up_on the shining track of Fand. He may hear the ninth wave cal_ling, See the

glé cois trágha glé cois trágha Ó chi-fir mian is b'éidir's céim-chuit
on the sand, on the sand, May chance up_on the shin_ing track of

rall.

caoin-eadh Ag-us deoir-a'n splanc lais-thios dhíot Nó'n sea-na Dhágh-da'g teamhadh fhaon an
cal_ling, See the flaming dewdrops fal_ling, And watch the Dag_da passing, old and

rall.

deoir-a'n splanc lais-thios dhíot Nó'n sea-na Dhágh-da'g teamhadh fhaon an
flaming dewdrops fal_ling And watch the Dag_da pas_sing old and

rall.

Fann beidh an naoin-mhadh tonn ag caoin-eadh Ag-us
Fand. He may hear the ninth wave cal_ling, See the

Meno mosso.

bán Mar ní fhagaidh na sean-a dhéi-the in-éag go
slow, For the old gods have not gone, and will not

bán Mar ní fhagaidh na sean-a dhéi-the in-éag go
slow, For the old gods are not gone, and will not

deoir-a'n splanc lais-thios dhíot Nó'n sean-a Dhágh-da'g teamhadh fhaon an
flam_ing dewdrops fal_ling, And watch the Dag da pas_sing, old and

a tempo
bṗáċ. l - stiġ i ġcoill bíd éan-laiċ Aonġus fós ls
go. The birds of Angus fly in every wood, And
bṗáċ. l - stiġ i ġcoill bíd éan-laiċ Aonġus fós ls
go. The birds of Angus fly in ever_y wood And
bán. l - stiġ i ġcoill bíd éan-laiċ Aonġus fós ls maiṙeann Dana'n ṗṙéim ór léim an
slow. The birds of Angus fly in every wood And Dana smiles beneath the vio_lets
maiṙeann Dana'n ṗṙéim ór léim an slóġ S is teaċ-tai-ṙe ġaċ
Dana smiles beneath the violets hood; And every lit_tle
maiṙ - eann Dana ls maiṙeann Dana'n ṗṙéim ór léim an slóġ 'S is
Da - na smiles, And Dana smiles beneath the violets hood; And
slóġ 'S is teaċ-tai-ṙe ġaċ a - ba beaġ Aġ tṙáċt ṙé déim na
hood And ever_y lit_tle ri - ver has a message to de_
cresc.
a - ba beaġ Aġ tṙáċt ṙé déim na dtonnta Dá inn - sint miam do'n tsaoġal dá n-eistṙide
ri_ver has a message to de_li_ver If the world would on_ly wait to hear, and
cresc.
teaċ-tai-ṙe ġaċ a - ba beaġ Aġ tṙáċt ṙe déim na dtonnta Dá inn - sint miam do'n
every lit_tle ri_ver has a message to de_li_ver If the world would on_ly
cresc.
dtonnta Dá inn - sint miam do'n tsaoġal dá n-eist - ṙide
li_ver If the world would on_ly wait to hear, and
rall.
leó Ná maġaid na sean - a déiṫe i n-éaġ go deó.
know That the old gods are not gone, and will not go.
rall.
tsaoġal dá n-eistṙide leó Ná maġaid na sean - a déiṫe i n-éaġ go deó.
wait to hear, and know That the old gods have not gone, and will not go.
rall.
leó Ná maġaid na sean - a déiṫe i n-éaġ go deó.
know That the old gods are not gone, and will not go.

Máire.
Maire. mf
Má aḋ - fiann tú mo ḋeiṫe buain-sa Sur
If you call up-on my deathless Gods, Who
mf
cresc.
cresc.
ṫréi-ná ḋtorḃaḋ'r ḋiogaltas ná ar gráḋ béarar mna ḋuit coiḋ-ce gean a gcroiḋe
answer vengeane as they answer love Women shall love you as men love Desire.
mf
Is ní ham-áin gur fí tú le bean ḋíoḃ Act aḋroḃ-aiḋ tú mar
One wo-man shall not on-ly call you King, But wor-ship you as
ḋia Is sleaṫraiḋ ḋuit is glan-raiḋ fian an áir ḋíot le n-a gruaig Is mi-s'í
God, lie at your feet, And wipe the war-stains from them with her hair. I am that
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
Máire.
Maire.
(Falls at his feet.)
f
mf
siúḋ a Diar-muiḋ Éirig i n-ainm Dé Is fearr liom beiṫ ann-
woman Diarmuid. In God's name rise up! But I am prou-der
sf sf

agitato
- so Nă beit im' plŭp i measc bean ríogan an tsaogail Déanaim - se
here Than lif - ted up to be a queen of men. Now my soul
colla voce
cresc.
feac - aint ort-sa lem' sŭilib díl - se grádh Nă beir-se id' dhogadh mar tăim - se
Dwells up-on you and worships and desires, Will you not burn as I do?
sf sf
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
bfan-fair - se id' chaprais fuac-ta romam Eist!
Is there not fire in this rock for me? Cease!
sf sf sf sf sf p
Máire.
Maire.
p cresc.
thug - as grádh fíor-ghrádh do Muirgéis Tá'na luait a - nois Is minic tigeann as luait thé
There was fire that answered Muirgheis. It is ashes now. But if one kneels and blows up-
cresc.
séid-eadh a - náil Mór - tei - ne d'éirigh - adh suas go h-árd a -
on grey as - hes Some-times a flame leaps up where all seemed

Diarmuid. Máire. Diarmuid. (Pushing her away)

-ṗís Dá ṁoḃan ḟainn cleas map siúd an dteipḟead opm? Teipḟead! Diarmuid Ní eist-ḟead leat-sa boṫ dem'
dark. Shall not my breath make this fire burn a-gain? Never! Diarmuid I will not hear you. Loose my
cresc.
láim Ar b'áil leat-sa na cuimneoġainn ar Muirġéis ṫo ġclúdoʼainn m'aġaiḋ leiṫ'ḋlaoi - ċib ṗuaḋa de
arm. Lose memory of Muirgheis in your arms? Cover my eyes with your bright locks of
sf f sf
ġnáṫ ġan smaoineam coiḋċ'ar ḟol-ṫaib duba mo ġnáṫ Éist is ná labair is boṫ dem'ġlúmib - se
hair. Lest I should dream of tresses black as night? Nay, do not speak or cling about my knees.
f p
Más áil le Dia ṫo mbuailḟead splanncraċ túr Ní díon do'n túr an t-eirnán air ṫo dlúṫ Mar
Lightning that God decrees shall smite a tower Halts not whatever ivies clasps its walls, But
péab - ḟar tríoċ'a - nuas ó bárr ṫo bun Ní ḟéadaim truaġ do ġlacaḋ díoṫ a - nois
f
cleaves at once through clinging arms and stone. I dare not pi-ty you, for I must strike
f sf

cresc.
Exit.
Mar bualfead splanc na fírinne'n do grád Dá bhuaidh's dá scaipead timcheall orainn araon.
Lightnings of truth against this love of yours, And shatter it to pieces round us both.
cresc.
sf
p
Máire.
Maire. p
Bhfuil aon rud
What is there
frit.
fág - tá'gcainn anois sa saoghal? Ní l rud ar domhan'sar son an neamh - ní seo.
left to live for on this earth? Nothing remains, so no for nothingness.
f
Tar - se a Dhuinn na Dunn - chucham arís.
Donn of the sandhills, come to me again.
(Donn appears with some faeries.)
Rince na Sióg
Fairy Dance.
Vivace.
mf
cresc.

Moderato.
Donn.
Donn.
Seaḋ 'nis caḋ tá uait?
What would you have now?
Máire.
Maire.
Bás táim
Rest. I am
Donn.
Donn.
coṁta'n tsaoġal 'Snaċ cu-ma ḋam-sa
sick of life. And what is this to
Máire.
Maire.
soin
me?
Dá ṁéid do ċumaċt Do b'éiġ-in duit an
Enough. You're here. With all your power sub - misive to a
cresc.
ġéill-eaḋ tabairt dom'ġlaoḋ Act
cry, Give
tabair Muirġéis tar n-ais go
back Muirgheis to Diarmuid.
Diarmuid Rí
I re-pent—
Ní
I
seas - óġaḋ - sa
break the pact
lem'
I
f
sf

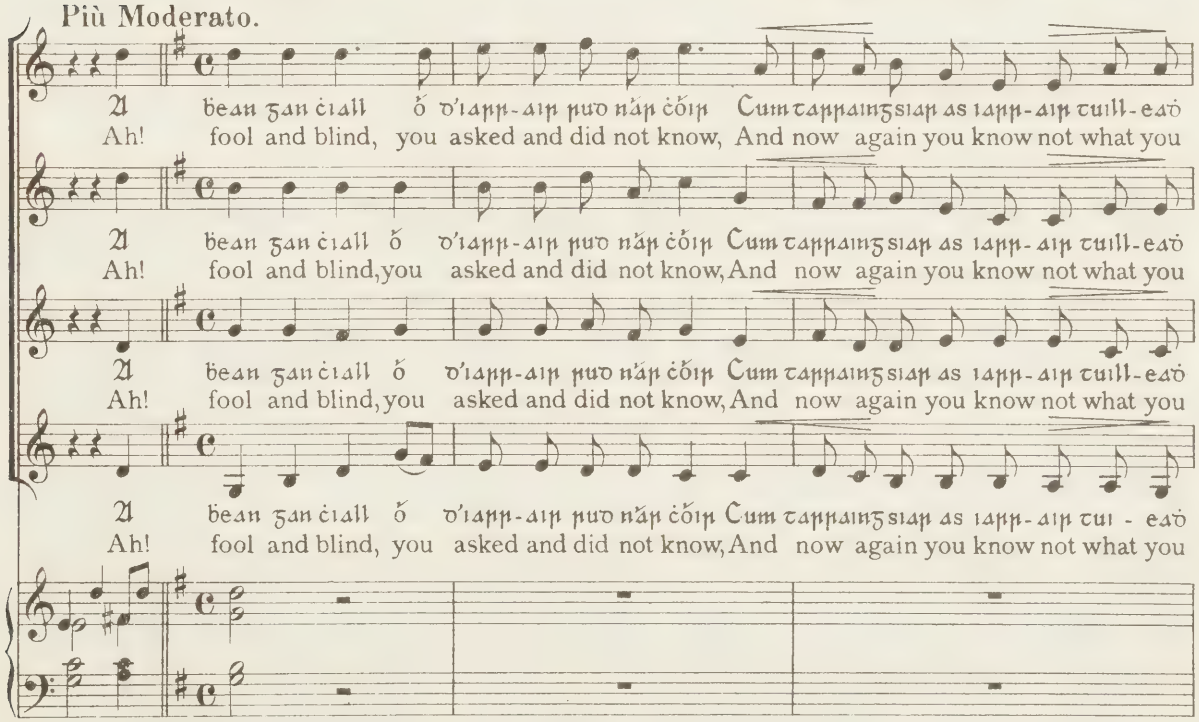
Donn.
Donn.
Máire.
Maire.
Gealt Táid déi-te tíos Do mharbó'd tú le splanc mar gealt air sin béag ann do
made. There are few Gods Would answer save by lightning such a prayer. I am too
f
cresc.
f
Donn.
Donn.
mf
splanc im' čás a - nois a Duinn Ná fead-fá í na háilleacht gnúise ruaid' Do
sad to fear your lightnings, Donn. Can - not your wild red beauty blot her out, Of
čur go deóid as cuim-ne Diarmada Mar it-eann tei-ne táin-lorg ar-sa draoi
Diar - miud's memo - ry, e-ven as a fire Eats up the writing on a Druid's scroll,
Máire.
Maire.
f
mf
f
béad lán suas ain-im-neac-aib déit' ai - ge Ní teine an gnúis seo orm-sa acht neann-
Though it was covered with the names of Gods? My beauty is a net-tle, not a
Donn.
Donn.
-tóg Ní déanfad anus ei - le or-ta go deóid Ó tá sia súd a - draon ro-
fire; I have no heart to struggle any-more. These two that are too strong for

lán - dìr duit is déanfaid gáire's maz - ad fút ar ball is
all your craft, Be - sure they will smile and pi - ty you And
éaiṫ - fio seal az aiṫ - is-iuzad an ṫé Ná raib n-a cuirde leanamaint dá fuaṫ zo
o'er their pi - ty smear a sly con - tempt For one who had not courage for her
mf
deó.
hate.
f
3

Cór na sídeóz mara.
(caillíní)

Chorus of Sea-Faeries
(for female voices).

Più Moderato.


A bean gan éiall ó d'iarr-air rud nár cóir Cum tarraingsiar as iarr-air tuill-ead
Ah! fool and blind, you asked and did not know, And now again you know not what you
A bean gan éiall ó d'iarr-air rud nár cóir Cum tarraingsiar as iarr-air tuill-ead
Ah! fool and blind, you asked and did not know, And now again you know not what you
A bean gan éiall ó d'iarr-air rud nár cóir Cum tarraingsiar as iarr-air tuill-ead
Ah! fool and blind, you asked and did not know, And now again you know not what you
A bean gan éiall ó d'iarr-air rud nár cóir Cum tarraingsiar as iarr-air tui - ead
Ah! fool and blind, you asked and did not know, And now again you know not what you

cresc.
bṗóin Taoi 'ḋṗuid-im siaṗ san ṗian bí leaṫ-ta ṗoṁaṫ Taoi ṗó-laġ-ċoiṙḋeaċ ní
ask; You draw your hand back from your chosen task, Too weak a thing for
bṗóin, a ḃean; Taoi 'ḋṗuid-im siaṗ san ṗian bí leaṫ-ta ṗoṁaṫ Taoi ṗó-laġ-ċoiṙḋeaċ ní
ask you ask; You draw your hand back from your chosen task, Too weak a thing for
ḋíon ḋuit bṗuid ná sóġ uċ bṗuid ná sóġ. Uċ bṗuid ná sóġ
per-fect joy or woe, for joy or woe. For joy or woe,
ḋíon ḋuit bṗuid ná sóġ uċ bṗuid ná sóġ. Taoi ṗó-laġ-ċoiṙḋeaċ ní ḋíon ḋuit bṗuid ná
per-fect joy or woe, for joy or woe. Too weak a thing for perfect joy or
uċ bṗuid ná sóġ Ní ḋíon ḋuit bṗuid ná sóġ Dá mbeiṫeá lái-ḋiṁ
For joy or woe, for per-fect joy or woe. You are not strong e-
sóġ Taoi ṗo-laġ-ċoiṙḋeaċ ní ḋíon ḋuit bṗuid ná sóġ Dá mbeiṫeá lái-ḋiṁ
woe, Too weak a thing for perfect joy or woe. You are not strong e-

L. 206.

d'fas fad fuat id mód
nough to let your Hate,
San stad go dtí'n cnoc do bí
Conduct you un - to its ap-
cresc.
d'fas-fad fuat id' mód Dá mbeitheá lái - dir d'fás-fad fuat id' mód San stad go dtí'n cnoc do bí
nough to let your Hate, You are not strong enough to let your Hate Conduct you un-to its ap-
f
os do comair. Ní bfuigir beit
pointed end. For ev - er
ós do comair Act nach-ta siar's an-iar do thoc-fa's dóig Ní bfuigir beit
pointed end. You'd have two goals to win, two ways to wend, For ev - er
Act nach-ta siar's an-iar do thoc-fá's
You'd have two goals to win, two ways to
'stig i dtig an ghrádh go deó 'muig as tig an ghrádh go deó Tá
you shall stand out - - side love's gate. You shall stand out - side love's gate. You
p
'doig Ní bfuigir beit stig i dtig an ghrádh go deó 'muig as tig an ghrádh go deó Tá
wend, For e-ver you shall stand out-side love's gate. You shall stand out - side love's gate. You

cresc.
'ɒɲuiɒ - im siaɲ san ɲian bĭ leaṫ-ta ɲoiṁaṫ Taoi 'ɒɲuiɒ - im si - aɲ san ɲi - an bĭ
draw your hand back from your chosen task, Too weak, too weak a thing for per-fect
leaṫ - ta ɲoiṁaṫ Taoi - - se ɲeiɒ le neaṁ 's le
joy or woe. Hea - - - ven will have none of
leaṫ - ta ɲoiṁaṫ Taoi ɲeiɒ le neaṁ is le ṫal - aṁ as - ta ʒeobaiɲ, Nĭ
joy or woe. Hea-ven will have none of you, earth will have none, You
leaṫ - ta ɲoiṁaṫ Taoi ɲeiɒ le neaṁ
joy or woe. Hea - - - ven will have
leaṫ - ta ɲoiṁaṫ Taoi ɲeiɒ le neaṁ
joy or woe. Hea - - - ven will have
ṫal - aṁ as - ta ʒeobaiɲ le ṫal - aṁ ṫal - aṁ as - ta ʒeobaiɲ Taoi - se ɲéiɒ le neaṁ 'sle
you, earth will have none of you, earth will have none of you. Hea-ven will have none of
bɾuiʒiɲ-se coiɒċe isṫ oiɒ - ċe isṫ oiɒ - ċe ɲaṫ nă isṫ - lŏ Nĭ bɾuiʒ - iɲ - se
are de-nied, de-nied of darkness and the sun, the sun. You are - - de -
is le ṫal - aṁ is le ṫal - aṁ as - ta ʒeobaiɲ Nĭ bɾuiʒiɲ - se
none of you, earth will have none, earth will have none, You are - - de -
is le ṫal - aṁ as - ta ʒeobaiɲ Nĭ bɾuiʒiɲ - - se
none of you earth will have none, You are - - de -

tal - ain as - ta ʒeobaiṁ Ní bṗuiʒiṁ - se coiɔce ist oiɔ - ce
yon, earth will have none, You are de - nied of dark - ness
coiɔce ist oiɔ - ce ṗáċ ná's lǒ ist oiɔ - - ce
nied of dark-ness and the sun of dark - - ness
coiɔce ist oiɔ - - ce ṗáċ ná's
nied of dark - - ness and the
coiɔ - ce ist oiɔ - - ce ṗáċ ná's
nied of dark - - ness and the
Máiṁe.
Maire.
mf
Sin
I
ṗaċ ná's lǒ ṗaċ ná's lǒ.
and the sun, and the sun.
pp
ṗaċ ná's lǒ ṗaċ ná's lǒ.
and the sun, and the sun.
pp
lǒ ṗaċ ná's lǒ.
sun and the sun.
pp
lǒ ṗaċ ná's lǒ.
sun and the sun.
pp
Donn.
Donn.
3
é. bṗis-eaɔ mo ṗún-sa bṗis-eaɔ mé Is ouine ċú ná leoiṅ-ċaɔ maiṗ-eaċ-
know. My will is broken so am I. You are of those that do not dare to
sf
sf
sf

tăil Ní beiḋ tú coiḋce i gcuid-eaċ-tain na dtṗéan So dtug a mór-ṗeaċ-aiḋe ḋóib clú gan
live, So have no part with the undying ones Who made themselves immortal with great
cresc.
ċṗíċ Is maiṗ-ṗiḋ siud 'n-a noiaiḋ le saoġal na saoġal Ní ṗéad-ṗá - sa do buille buaiḋ
sins, A shining love or an e _ ter_nal hate. You could not strike your blow, and be con_
3
gian 's beiṫ sás-ta le n-a paiḃ dá bapp a - gat bíoḋ gup i nIṗṗeann ṫíos do beiṫ - eá
tent with what you sinned your soul for, tho' you dwelt Under Hell's porches all your flam _ ing
Máiṗe.
Maire.
Donn.
as
Ní ṗéad - aiṗ mé ishuġaḋ a tuilleaḋ Seaḋ ó's
days.
Your scorn can beat me down no lo_wer. No. You
p
sf
Máiṗe.
Maire.
mf
cuimin leat uaiṗ n-a mbíṫea áṗd go leóṗ is seaṗc ó Diaṗmuid ṗéin a - gat Cuiṗ
remember once how high yoo stood, how sure of Diarmuid's love you were. Have

uaıt Tabaıp dó Muıpġéis ċap n-aıs ıs ġeobaıdsa bás
done. Give Muirgheis back to him and let me die
f
ff
Più Andante.
a tempo
marcato
rall. e dim.
Donn.
Donn.
mf
Ní bás acċt puıd-e saoġail Do-ġeobaıd tú uaim Ní
Thou shalt not die but live_ This doom I give_ Thou
bpuıġıd tú bás acċt paısg - ſıp
shalt not die but live, and
ċuġat ġo deóıd Dnoċ - -
bear in thee The

-ċáś is bṗón na ʒcuan
sor_row of the_ sea.
mf
Is é áṗ ndálta's dál - ta díb - se ṗós Do
Be_cause thy love was stron_ger than thine hate, Our
f
p
ʒṗáṫ-sa ó ṡáṁuiʒ ṫ'ṗuaċ _____
fate shall be thy fate _____
'S ó bláis - is cṗáṫ ċaṗ baṗṗ a ċṗoiḋe ʒan
Be_cause much bit_ter_ness thy soul has
f p
rit.
smól lm' dáil beiṫ ʒeobaiḋ tú uaim
known, We take thee for our own.
lṫ' ṫuinn aṗ ṁuim na ṫonn beiḋ
A wave up_on the_ sea. Thou
sf
p
f

Gloṁ gan ċaint do ṡiol a - gat id' ċeann
shalt have many voi-ces but no words,
Id' ċarr-aig aoiṁ bĕiṁ leam No
Loveless as rocks shalt be, And
p
f
p
millt' ag bruig na tonn
wild as the sea birds.
A - muig fĕ'n sion gan dion do bĕiṁ go
The hail shall lash thee, and the caves shall
mf
deŏ Ni dionduit poll nā
keep, For thee no place of
pluais Is
sleep The
f
cumaċt na gaoit' cum tire id' cuṁ fĕ threoiṁ Act coidċ'id' seŏlaŏ ŏ ċuan
wind shall drive thee shoreward mid the foam, But nev-er bring thee home.
p
rit.
mf
beid duil - easg ŭṁ is cubaṁ na mara id'
Thou shalt be com - pa - nied by foam and

ċoiṁaiṛ
weed,
Ꝛan sṫóṛ ṅá
But have no
suan
friend
Is
For
ꝑada aṛ ꝑán cé ṫláṫ
thou shalt wander, yet
Ꝛan bṗíꝛ niṛt Ꝛeóbaiṛ
thou shalt not speed,
Cṗíċ
Strive
oṛt ní
to no
duál
end.
sf
sf
sf
p
pp
f
(During the singing of this verse Maire, falling at Donn's feet, dies in great agony.)
Fíoċ agus Ꝛṙáó ba
An - ger and love to
ṅáiṛeaċ tú maṛ ṡeóil
thee were ev - il guides,
D'ꝑáꝛ do ꝛlóiṛ i -
Quenched is thy
fp

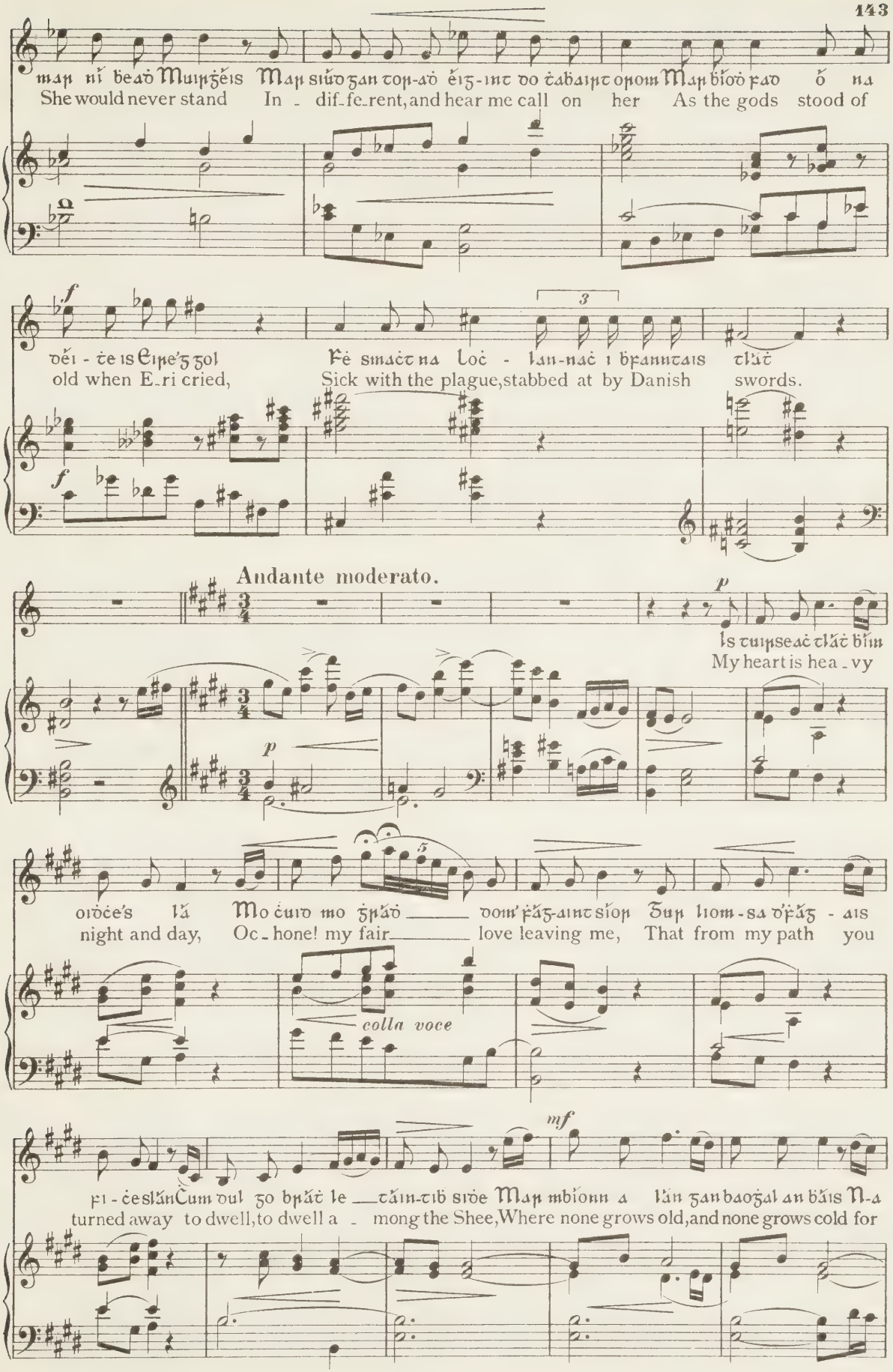
mf
nguais
star:
O
Thou
beir - se'r fán
shalt be home - less
gan áit cum suide na
as the wan - dering
rit.
meno mosso
ff
sóig
tides,
Ir'_ luing gan seól gan stiuag
And the toss - ed seaweeds are.
Ní
Thou
bás act fuid - e saoghail
shalt not die but_ live,
Do ghéabha tú uaim
This doom I give.
colla voce
string.
ff
sf
sf
sf
sf
marcato il basso
8 tr
pp
ppp

An dara Radarc.
halla uí Fhiṁ.

Scene II.

O' Gneeve's Hall as before.

Moderato.
mf
(Diarmuid lying on a couch by the hearthplace.)
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid. mf
Bruil I
ĕan - duin' ag an doras dă dtuideamaint Nō'n amlaid bead ĕan-năine air teact i-
thought the door moved under some one's hand, Some one a - fraid to knock or en-ter
p
rit.
-steac 'Muirgĕis a ċoiḋe, nō an tusa do bead ann o tar is-teac is
in. Muirgheis, be - lov-ed, is your ghost out - side? En-ter o lit - tle
sf
colla voce
tar fĕm'dĕin a ghrădh Ni bĕinn-se cor - ta corōċ'act tŭ lem' ais Sead, ni Muirgĕis ĭ
ghost, and come to me. Kiss me to death and I shall be con - tent. It is not Muirgheis,
sf


Map ní beaḋ Muiṗġéis Map siúḋgan toṗ-aḋ éiġ-int do ṫabaiṗt oṗom Map bíoḋ ṗad ó na
She would never stand In - dif-fe-rent, and hear me call on her As the gods stood of
ḋéi - ṫe is Ériġ gol Fé smaċt na loċ - lan-naċ i bṗanntais tlaṫ
old when E-ri cried, Sick with the plague, stabbed at by Danish swords.
Andante moderato.
Is tuiṗseaċ tlaṫ bím
My heart is hea-vy
oiḋċe's lá Mo ċuid mo ġṗáḋ dom' ṗáġ-aint síoṗ Sup liom-sa d'ṗáġ - ais
night and day, Oc-hone! my fair love leaving me, That from my path you
colla voce
ṗi - ċeslánCum dul go bṗáṫ le táin-tib siḋe Map mbíonn a lán gan baoġal an báis N-a
turned away to dwell, to dwell a - mong the Shee, Where none grows old, and none grows cold for

suiḋe ɡo sáṁ ɗan cás ná cíos
hope for hope or,— memory;
Is bím-se im'ċṗáiḋ ɡus tú ɡo láɡaċ
I am most sad while you are glad,
Oċ - ón mo ɡṗáiḋ ḋom'
Oc-hone! my fair love—
fáɡ-ainnsíon
leaving me.
Fóṁ-íon ɡaċ lá's ɡaċ
Now every day and
oíḋċe's ɡnáṫ
all night long
Mo smaoinṫe im'ċnáṫ
I— wear the rue
ɡo cás-mar ḋubaċ
the bit-ter rue,
Dá smaoinfinn ṫṗáṫ
And hear a way - ward
coda voce
fáin a ɡṗáiḋ
fae-ry song
béaḋ ceól is dáil ċum
when I would dream, would-
fáin ḋom'sṫuaiṗ
dream of you.
Tá fios m'uċtáin
In- all men's ears
my
cresc.
cresc. sf
ɡcluasaiḃ cáiċ
tale is told,
Is ċíḋ mar tá mo
my grief's for all, for—
ċás im'ḃṗuɡaḋ ɗan
all to see;
suan na sáime
Sad for your sake
a -
I—
sf
f
sf

Enter Hugh Dall and Croghan.

-gam le fagail Mo ċuid n-a deaid ó ____ d'fág mé dubaċ
sleep and wake, Oc - hone my fair love____ leaving me.

p

Cruaċan. Croghan. mf Moderato. Diarmuid. Diarmuid.

Geobaim - ís a - noċt thé ċaidbream rud beag uainn Leog
To - - night men find in dreams what they have lost. I'm

dam, táim marb ____ ó' nbur dtaidbrig - ċib 'Dir cainnt is
sick of dreams and dreamers. Let me be. One talks, a -

3

8

p

gurdeanna's aṫanna gan brig Ní feicim - se Muir-géis damhair ag teaċt
nother prays, a third one tries An idiots charm, and still she never comes.

8

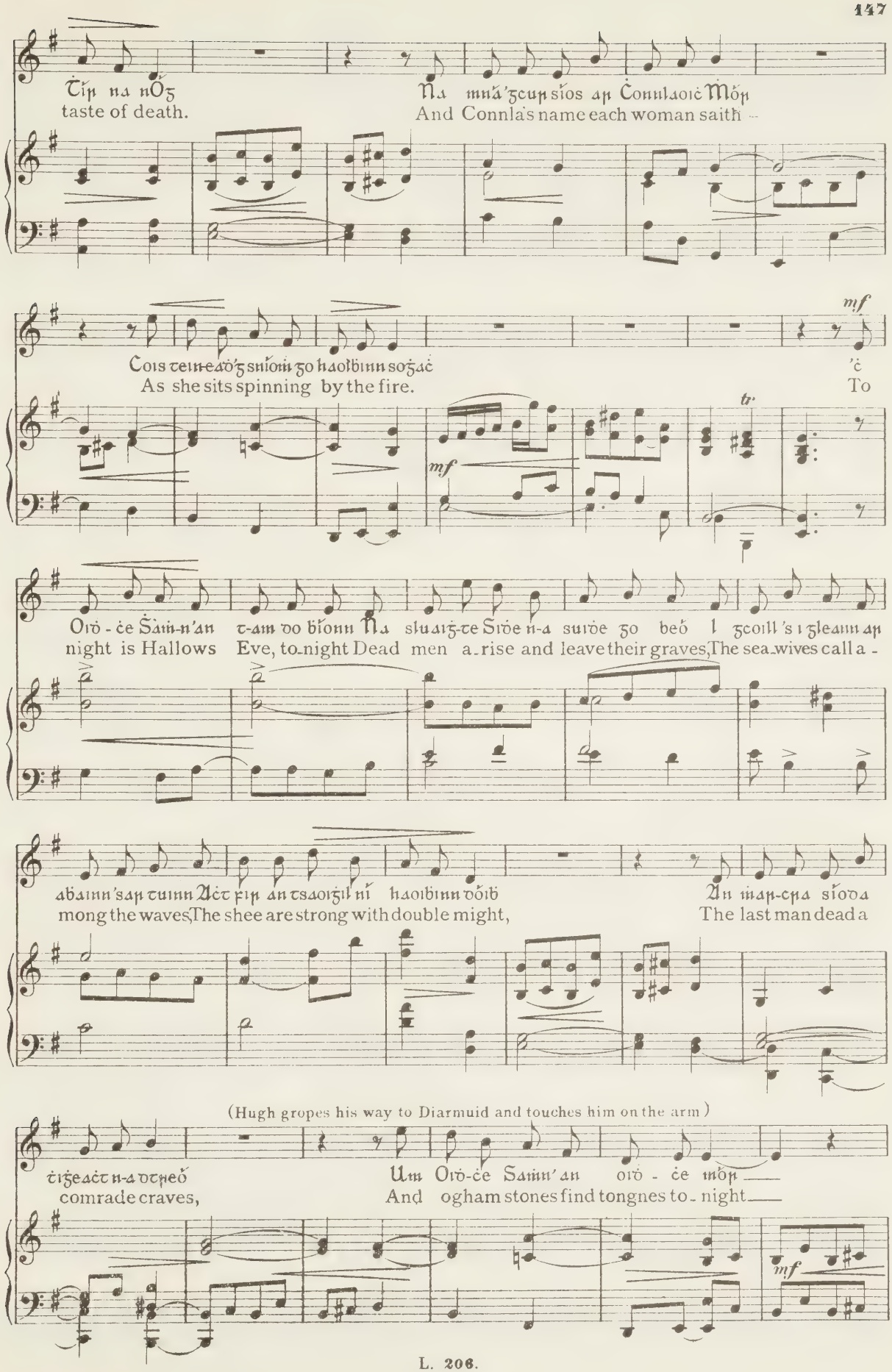
Aod. Hugh.

mf p

Táim cor - ṫa d'burbris - eó-ga Faire, ó eist Dá dtag - ad ċugat a -
I'm sick____ of all your wisdom. Peace, for shame! If she should come to-

cresc.

-noċt ó ṫíṁ na n-Óg Mar mbíonn an mil ar ṗáirḋ-tiḃ ḟear go
night from Tir na' nog Where al - ways men have ho - ney on their
ḋeóḋ 's Mar mbíonn gheann is gáire is múineaḋ cóir Dá ḋtagaḋ ċuigat is tú do
tongues, And wit and laughter and sweet cour - te - sy, And ere her fingers raised your
ċlos mar siúḋ Do ṗagaḋ ċar n-ais ṕé náir - e 'gus ṕé bród
door-latch, hear your words, she would turnback in grief and shame.
Allegretto moderato.
mf
Cois tein-eaḋ beiḋ an sluag n-a suiḋe Ag
The mothers ga - ther round the fire And
p
seanaċuiḋeaċt go gheanta gleoḋaċ Ag tráċt ar éaċ-taiḃ Féin - ne finn No'labairt go caoin ar
tell old tales with wist-ful breath Of far-off lands of heart's-desire Wherein no soul shall


Tír na nÓg
taste of death.
Na mná gcuir síos ar Connlaoich Mór
And Connla's name each woman saith —
Cois teine ag sníom go haolbinn soghach
As she sits spinning by the fire.
mf
'ch
To
Oíche Samhna'n t-am do bíonn na sluaigh te Síbe a suibe go beó I gcoill 's i gleann ar
night is Hallows Eve, to-night Dead men a-rise and leave their graves, The sea-wives call a-
abainn 'sar tuinn Acht fir an tsaoghail ní haoibinn dóibh
mong the waves, The shee are strong with double might,
An mar-cha síoda
The last man dead a
(Hugh gropes his way to Diarmuid and touches him on the arm)
tighearna a dtreó
comrade craves,
Um Oíche Samhna'n oíche mór
And ogham stones find tongues to-night
mf

Diarmuid.

Aodh.

Hugh. (springing up)

An measann sibh mé cur ar buile gléan · Dean mact - nam ar do cás An
Are you all sworn to-night to drive me mad. Be - think you of your birth Are

cresc.

ceart do — rígh Do gcuir - fead mud gan áird toct feirg
kings driv - en mad By words mere words al - though they buzz like

cresc.

sf

air Do baineadh daoine na súl díom féin-ig act Níor bain-eadh m'an - am nó ní beinn im'
flies? The darkness that has coffined me from light Caged not my soul, Else were I not a

f

Diarmuid.

Diarmuid.

fear An mbeir-se 'nois it' fear mar táir it' Rígh Seadh bead - sa im fear ag ful-ang bhóin go deóidh
man And are you not a man who are a king? A man whom sorrow will not quit till death.

Aodh.

Hugh.

Diarmuid.

Diarmuid.

p

O clois-im fuaim a cos ag teacht fed' déin 'Stá fuaim cos eile'r táir-sig tíos a - nois Ní
I hear already her de - part-ing feet, And other feet are on the threshold now. The

mf

p

ċlois-im ꝼéin
feet I hear
Fuaim cos ar
are but the
éin-tsliġe'nois bíoḋ ḋoċ-cas seal im'ċoiṁḋe aċt
feet of Hope, whom I have driven from me
ċailleas é Ní leiġ-ꝼaḋ ḋom mo ṁéala ḋ'ꝼulaiṁ lá
as a thief, Who steals from men the strength to bear their dooms.
Amṗán beiṗce.
Duet.
Cṗuaċan.
Croghan.
Più moderato.
Aoḋ.
Hugh.
Ce'ṗ ṁóṗ an bṗón leaṫ
Thou that of Hope wast
Ce'ṗ ṁóṗ an bṗón leaṫ
Thou that of Hope wast
Più moderato.
p
cresc.
ḋoċ-cas oṁṫ le seal ṫá sé aġ iom-póḋ ꝼé—ḋeóiḋ ór'— ċṁáḋ-sa ar ꝼaḋ is
tortured yester-day No more, no more shalt suf-fer, for she turns her head away Her
cresc.
ḋoċ-cas oṁṫ le seal ṫá sé—aġ iom-póḋ ꝼé—ḋeóiḋ ór'— ċṁáḋ-sa ar ꝼaḋ is
tortured yester-day No more, no more shalt suf-fer, for she turns her head away Her
cresc.

mf
aıt-eann ŏıp map ċoṁŏın n-a bann ap fleasc
head gold crowned with flowers and spikes of whin
Acht
But
aıt-eann ŏıp map ċoṁŏın n-a bann ap fleasc
head gold crowned with flowers and spikes of whin
Acht cé hé seo is - teaċ?
But who is this comes in?
Acht
But
mf
cé hé seo is - teaċ?
who is this comes in?
cé hé seo is - teaċ?
who is this comes in?
colla voce
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
Nać é seo an bás as tracht dom'scuabaḋ leis
Is it not Death that comes my grief to end?
A ċuid 'sa ġrádó a
They stand aside, they
p
ċuid 'sa ġrádó's tá fáil - te
stand aside; my lo - ver
poi - me 'gam Mo leigeas an bás dom' ár - aċ leis as
and my friend And pi - ty not, but surely Death will

mf
so
Go luat a-gus go moċ Go luat a-gus go moċ
come,
With comfort swift and dumb With comfort swift and dumb.
Diarmuid.
(Knocks heard on the door, at back of stage)
mf
Is cu-ma cĕ tá
Open the door to
cresc.
f
p
sf sf sf sf
bualaḋ aċt os - cail - teap Tá fáil - te 'gam poim
whoso - ev - er knocks Ev - en the wind is
Cruaċan.
Croghan.
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
f
gaoiṫ na n-ánd ann - so A ṫriaṫ A giolla an gcaiṫ-fead
wel - come to come in. My - lord My ser-vant must thy
f
Cruaċan.
Croghan.
(Going to the door and hesitating with his hand upon it)
labairt fé dó 'Sí aim - sir na sid - eóg í 'gus an t-am Na daṫéiḋid na
lord speak twice? It is the fae - ries' weather and the time when dead men
sf sf
p

rise to seek the liv - ing out. If' twere a faery's hand upon the
Diarmuid. (Comes forward angrily and throws the door open and discovers Muirgheis on the threshold
Diarmuid clad in green with yellow roses in her hair)
door. They entered once, and shall come in a - gain If tis their pleasure.
cresc.
(Takes her in his arms)
In God's name, come in, Muirgheis, the blind man saw you and not
cresc.
O love, come back at last!
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.
I have come back On - ly half glad like
cresc.

Cruadhan.
Croghan.
Aodh.
Hugh.
orm ba dheacht do bheith
someone born again.
An spiorad í seo nó an bantíoghan í?
Is it the liv-ing body or her ghost?
Is í an
Why, ev-en
bán - díoghan í, dhonn'n dall é
I have clearer eyes to
sin
see.
Cruadhan.
Croghan.
Máiseadh ní feic - ir í 'sa gnuis go
You do not see that she is white as
Allegretto.
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
bán
snow.
Is dóigh liom féin gurab é a spiorad tá
I think it is her spirit after
ann
all.
Is aoibh - in
Ah! sweet, to
cresc.
trát tú fás - cadh a-rís lem' chroidhe
hold you to my heart a - gain,
Do chúil - fionn taith - te —
And see your face un -
cresc.
bláith do dheas-cadh 'rís
changed look up at me
mf
Mo
My

Gnúis ó ċṙáiġ Do beáṁ-nuiġ leaṫ - bliaḋain í Ní gná - ṫaċ
face is changed, Love, with this half year's pain. Leaves were not
Muiṙġéis.
Muirgheis.
mf
Do leiġis - is ṫṙáṫ mo ċneaḋa leó ṫeaċt — a - ṁís
Diarmuid.
Now are my clains undone, and I — am free.
Glas liom páiṙc Ní gla liom páiṙc — ní gnaṫaċ goṙm liom líon
green to me, Leaves were not green to me nor flax flowers blue.
Quartette.
Muiṙġéis.
Muirgheis.
p
Ní gla leaṫ páiṙc ní gnáṫ - aċ goṙm leaṫ ṙéin
Diarmuid.
Leaves were not green to you nor flax flowers blue
p
Ní gla liom páiṙc ní gnáṫ - aċ goṙm leaṫ
Leaves were not green to me nor flax flowers
Croghan.
Cṙuaċán.
p
Ní gla liom páiṙc ní gnáṫ - aċ goṙm leaṫ
Aoḋ.
Hugh.
Leaves were not green to me nor flax flowers
p
Ní gla liom páiṙc ní gnáṫ - aċ goṙm leaṫ
Leaves were not green to me nor flax flowers
p
p

mf
— Agus tá mé saor — Tá mé saor — Do
— And I am free — I am free. — Ah
fé́in — Tá tú saor Do
blue — You are free. Ah
fé́in leat fé́in Tá tú saor Do
flax flowers blue. You are free. Ah
mf
fé́in leat fé́in leig - is - eadh tráth do chneadha'gus tá — tú saor Do
flax flowers blue. Now are your chains undone and You — are free. Ah
mf
cresc.
leig - is - is tráth mo chneadha lem'theacht a - nís — Tá saoghal nua - fáis mar
now are my chains un - done and I am free, My life, my life quickens
cresc.
leig - is - is tráth mo chneadha lem'theacht a - nís Tá saoghal nua - fáis mar
now are your chains un - done and you are free, My life, my life quickens
cresc.
leig - is - is tráth mo chneadha lem'theacht a - nís — Tá saoghal nua - fáis mar
now are your chains un - done and you are free, My life, my life quickens
cresc.
leigis - is tráth mo chneadha lem'theacht a - nís — Tá saoghal nua - fáis mar
now are your chains un - done and you are free, My life, my life quickens
cresc.

bláth im' chóir as tigeacht
like a flower a - new.
Sup dá - na béad gan
Shakes out blossom seeing
bláth im' chóir as tigeacht 'S is geapp a gnáth Sup dá - na gnáth gup dá - na béad gan
like a flower a new. Breaks bud and shakes out blossom shakes out blossom, seeing
bláth im' chóir as tigeacht
like a flower a new.
Sup 'dá - na gnáth gup dá - na béad gan
Breaks bud and shakes out blossom, seeing
bláth im' chóir as tigeacht
like a flower a new.
Sup dá - na gnáth gup dá - na béad gan
Breaks bud and shakes out blossom, seeing
moill Sup dá-na gnáth gup dá-na béad gan moill.
you. Breaks bud and shakes out blossom see - ing you.
moill Sup dá-na gnáth gup dá-na béad gan moill.
you. Breaks bud and shakes out blossom see - ing you.
moill Sup dá-na gnáth gup dá-na béad gan moill.
you. Breaks bud and shakes out blossom see - ing you.
moill Sup dá-na gnáth gup dá-na béad gan moill.
you. Breaks bud and shakes out blossom see - ing you.
sf
sf

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.
Moderato.
mf
Do bhíodeas im-a-gus álainn ghéine buidhe So soc-aigh
It seemed to me that in a sun-girt bower I drank of
sf
sf
sás-ta spás ean-uaighe ghinn Ag déanamh dóbhachta i láthair sluaighte
sun-light one— im-mor-tal hour, Be-cause there is no sun-set for the
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
mf
shíde.— ba dam ba chlách gach lá 'gus oíd-che dhíobh Marbhemni bhásach
Shee.— For me there was no night, there was no day, On-ly a hallow
sf
sf
sf
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis (touching her garland).
lán de chré 'gus dhíb Sin pleasc nách fás i bhás-ach chré san tsaoigheal
people by dead-clay. I do not think that these pale roses knew
3
3
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
fuaigh dhúch na mbán ó lám-aibh lua-ta shíde Do chaint is
Aught of the clay;— they lived on light and dew. Your voice is
3
3
5
5

mil-is Act bpaicim puacc Neam-gna-cac nuaj puic anuastpeo'cainnt.
music, but your words are chilled With something super-na - tural and strange.
Labairhom a - pis is glaoid' ap m'ain-im opm ba deas do bioo gacuaip a - deip-tea
Speak a-gain, dear, and call me by my name, That was not sweet until you ut-tered
mf
Muipgeis.
Muirgheis.
mf
e Ta'n t'ain - im uo ap bapp mo tean-gan-sa 'Snibpagainne pao Ni
it. I knew your name - it trembled on my tongue, Re-fusing sound. This
cresc.
Aoo.
Hugh.
(Croghan goes out)
mf
cuminhompeim a-nois Act puo ba tait-neam-arge na bla-ta Spao
on-ly I re-call, a word more fair than ev-en roses. Love?
Diapmuio.
Diarmuid
(Bitterly)
seao "Spao" ce ta mo gpao-sag peacaintopm 'Sis eol da sul an puo nac eol da
Ay "Love" al-though love looks upon me now With eyes that know the thing her lips for -
sf
sf

(Lets her
bĕal Cia cuip im' leit beit tuilte'n diad-act riam 'Sna cumim lem' ġrăd-sa
get. O when did Diarmuid steal the name of God, That he should name-less
sf sf sf
Muirgheis.
hands go)
p
m'ain-impĕin a-nois? ba lĕir do căc ō'n brraoc tă' ar do ġnuis Dă ṙeadas do
be to his heart's heart? Your eyes would tell men you are not a God What-ever
f p
Diarmuid.
mf Diarmuid.
bĕal cumĕit-eac blas-ta păd Na baineann diadact leat-sa bĕid-ir sin Caid
splen-did lie were on your lips, For they are sad and angry. They may be; Was
sf sf sf
ĕ seo'n tor-ad ġeibim de bapp mo ġuide b'ṙuil ĕin-deit' ann i n-ĕan cor
ever man's prayer answered so before? Are there no Gods but Jes-ters?
sf
Muirgheis.
Diarmuid.
Muirgheis.
Tă deit'ann connac-sa dĕi-te Sead măis-ead Act cion-nus tăr laid duit-sa
There are Gods, for I have seen them. There-fore you have seen What mortals should not

Muirgheis.

Muirgheis.
p
beit slánn-a ndiaid
look upon and live.
Ná bíod do súile orm-sa
Turn your eyes from me Muirgheis,
Táid dá ndoghad
for they burn
Má do
I have
sf
con-naic mé déitse
seen Gods and died
ní bruaigeas bás
not, and mine eyes
Ní ghabad duit
That saw their's
eag-la
scatheless
beit ort-sa
yours need never
sf
foman
fear.
Dob aoibinn dóib. An té ná
They always smile. If mortals
bead dá réir
crossed their wills,
Mar bóghaidís é
It might be
is beadh gáire fós na
that they slew, but still they
sf
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
f
gnúis
smiled.
Na bac na déitse, act cuimnigh orm-sa
For - get the Gods, remember this one
fós
man,
Do ghádhuigh is caill tú's
Who loved and lost and
f
bíod go dubach it'diaid
hun - gered af-ter you,
O ghádaim tú
And loves you
fós 's is dubach hom tus' ann-so
still, and hungers while you stand
le
With
sf
sf
sf

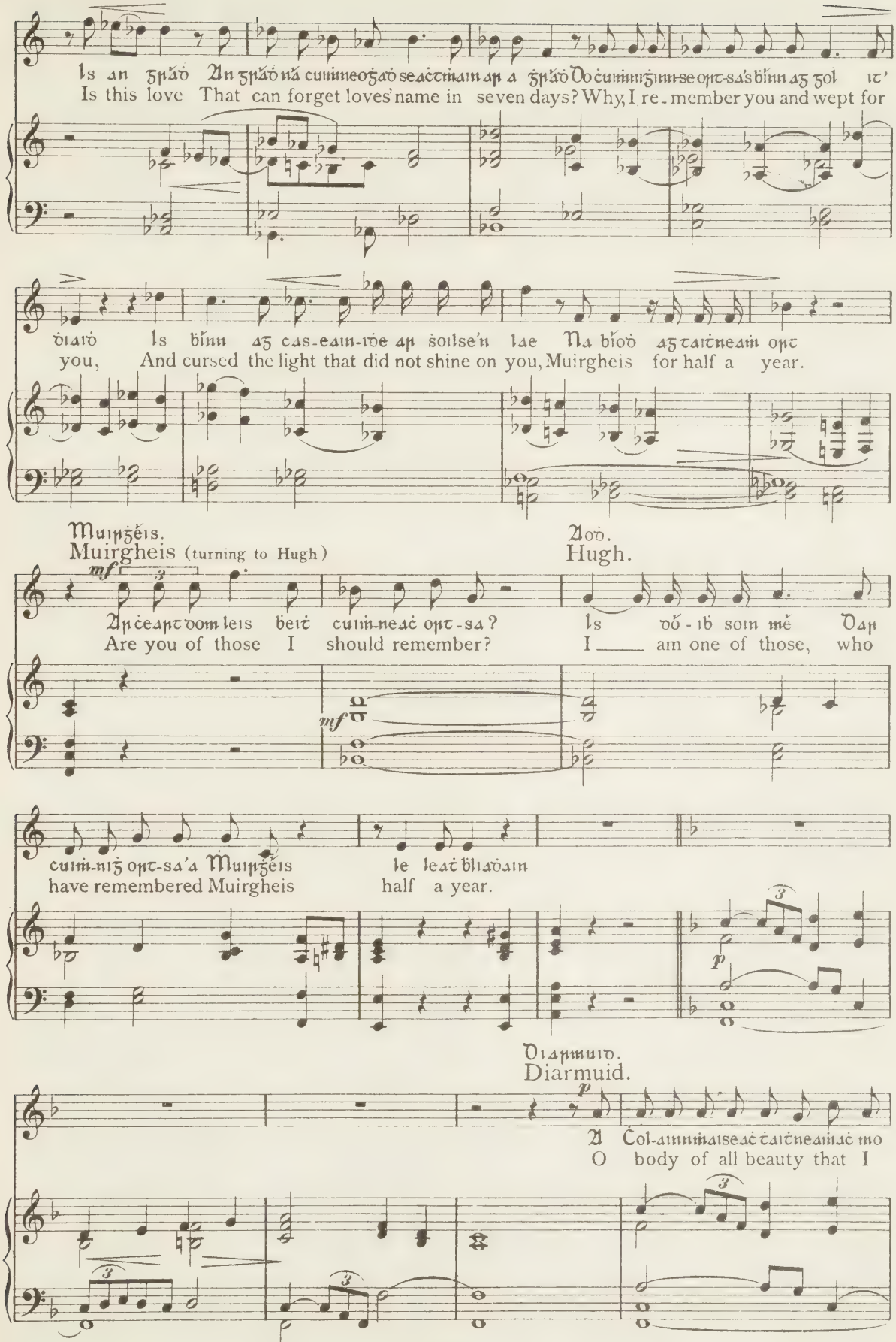
Muirgheis.

Con moto.

leam-gháir-ide dá bhéd nach cuimhnleat mé cuimhnleat mé Ní cual-tas leis-ceid an
lips that smile while saying "I for-get" "I for-get" There nev-er was a-ny
p
pp rit.
p
ceóil úd le binneas fós fiamh santsaoighealDo tháin-ig le mi-the leoit-ne 'Sdo
pip-ing So sweet and ten-der and gay It came like the wind and light-ly It
rit.
mf
ghloir — a-ris Mhá ghair-ig nior chomhaidh go deó tú ba mi-lis tá meón má
blew — a-way. It langhed and it grew not wea-ry, It sighed and was sweeter
cresc.
rit.
caoin Dá bhéd go bhfill-fead an dóch-cus Ar ár bhFodla — a-ris
yet. It sang for the hope of E-ri And her hea- -vy fret.
tr
mf
Thát cois-geadh ar bhib an ceóil úd O-chón ghanmis' ann ar
And when silence took the pip-ing "Its O to be there" I

sinn To rinnc-fionn'nindeoin a nóil-ás San sólás ó bím To
cried To dance with no thought of grieving For joy that died. To
rit.
mf
rinnc-fionn'óiróe's de lő ann San bpón gan sgíd Leis na buidheanta is muinteartha i
dance and be never wea-ry For night or day With the kind-li-est folk of
cresc.
dim.
mf
bFóid-la go dtí fóg-airt laoi
E-ri Till the dew's a-way.
Is an
How should
tr
rit.
bféad-fadneacht ugseacht lae-te glan 'dtíp na nÓg a cuimneamar rud ar bit
one not forget what passed on earth Who has spent seven days in Fae-ry-land?
p
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis (startled)
f
Seacht laeth' Tá leath-bliadain ann
Seven days? 'Tis half a Year.
Do síl-eas-sa
I did not know,
Na rab-as-sa ann acht seacht-nain
Seven days were all I counted.
f

Diarmuid.


Is an grádh An grádh ná cuimneogadh seachtmain ar a grádh Do chuimhnigim-se ort-sa's bínn ag gol it'
Is this love That can forget loves' name in seven days? Why, I re-member you and wept for
diaidh Is bínn ag cas-eain-ibe ar soilse'n lae Na bíodh ag taitneam ort
you, And cursed the light that did not shine on you, Muirgheis for half a year.
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis (turning to Hugh)
Hugh.
Ar cheart dom leis beit cuimneach ort-sa?
Are you of those I should remember?
Is dó-ib sein mé Dar
I ___ am one of those, who
cuimhnig ort-sa'a Muirgheis le leath bliadain
have remembered Muirgheis half a year.
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.
A Chol-ainmhaiseach taitneamach mo
O body of all beauty that I

Gráð Cá ndeagaid an tan-am glan do bí id' láp
loved, And love, where is the soul gone forth from you,
Sur gluin' ar seal ná bar-ra
The white soul clearer than the
dim.
Geal na mbán Sus deise'n ceap-call feaptainne ann gan smál
morn-ing dew, More love-ly than a rain-bow af-ter rain.
Ná
Will
mf
fan gan tapa im' bac-all-ain a gráð Muir-gheis
you not quicken in my arms a-new, Muir-gheis?
b'fionn
You
-fuar-ad tú do'n bruinnn leóinte tlát
were as gra-cious as the evening rain
I dtúis na tro-da tuit mar leogain ar
To wound-ed men that bore the bat-tle-
láp
strain,
Pé buad no bris-ead tioc-fad dóib i ndán
But had no part in vielory or de-feat. O
A colainn maiseac an-am gleóite
body of all beauty, soul most
rit.

ċáiṙ Na sgaṙaiṙ ṙeasṙ'ó's ṙeasmaṙaonḃuṙ nóáil Muiṙ-ǯéis
sweet, Will you be twain that once in one were knit, Muir - gheis?
Aoḋ.
Hugh (The doors are thrown open and O'Gneeve enters hurriedly with attendants. He em-
braces Muirgheis who stands passive)
mf
Níoṙ scaoiṫeaḋ ṗós an ṫsnaiṙóm Is caiṫ-ṙi - míṁ ṙanaṁainṫ go nḋeanṙaiṙ
The fac - ries have not loosed Their hold on her, nor will they till she
mf
O Suiṁ.
O'Gneeve.
gol Šíl - eas go ḃṙuiǯ - inn báṡ im'ṙeaṙ gan ċloinn 'Inǯean mo ċroiḋe Ċéaḋ
weeps. I thought that I should die a childless man O bird of love, thrice
Muiṙǯéis.
Muirgheis.
mí - le ṙáil-ṫe ṙomaṫ Aċṫ cé hé
welcome to your nest. What voice is
p sf sf
Diaṙmuiḋ.
Diarmuid.
siúḋ a - muiǯ— aǯ ǯlaoḋaċ o - ṙom Ní ḃṙuiǯiṙ im-ṫeaċṫ ḋá ṙṙeaǯ-saḋ
that, which calls and cries out - side? No voice that you shall answer—
tr

O Gnéeve.
O'Gneeve.

Ní béad ann
There's no sound

Acht caoilfhiúin oíche ag glaodach ós cionn an tsléibe
Except a curlew crying on the bog,

No sceata géanna
A skein of wild geese

fiadhna os cionn na trágha
going to the sea.

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

Nár glaodadh orm
Was I not called?

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

Níor glaodadh is coidhche a -
No, sweet, not while I

-fhís An faid do bead-sa im' bheatadh slán dod' dhíon
live To make for you a chain of flesh and blood,

Ní fhágaid tú uaim-se
Bo - dy and spi-rit.

Leigeas uaim tú uair
Once I let you go,

Acht fanfaidhfidh a-nois
But not a second time.

Bruil Máire'nn-so? ba ceart na fóis do bainc de ceann mo ghrádh Ní
Call Mai-re here. Bid her un-bind these ro-ses from your hair, They
tr
tr
tr
fleasc ban-fíog-na Gaedeal i n-éan-cor iad Ní'l
are not gar-lands for an I--rish queen, But
Muirgheis.
mf Muirgheis.
iomt'acc fóis do beadh ar gheil-tín tsídhe Is cuimin liom siúd Tadhg Máire cughainn ann-
meet for some wild woman of the Shee. I know that name. Bid Mai-re wait on
Diarmuid.
(Exit attendant) Diarmuid.
3
-so Cuimnigir ar Máire 'gus ní cuimin leat mé An lái-dhe fuath ná ghrádh
us. Do you remember her name and not mine? Is hatred strong as love?
Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.
f
3
3
Is cu-ma liom Margheall ar fuath, ná ghrádh, ná mian, na léan Na fuil ardomhan a-
Hatred and love sorrow and doubt, desire, de-spair, disdain, Mean nothing to me

Aodh.
Hugh.

-nois ba ċu-ma piaṁ Is iad is saoġal dui-ne 'gus bíodaṗ siúd lon-nać a
now, Did they mean aught? They are the world, and they are you my queen. Hat red, like

Ríoġan fad ó 'dir dub is ġeal Ní ġnáth go fuar Ní béal mil-is go
love, draws sparks from hearts of stone: Lips can not keep their sweetness without

Muirgheis.

cneaḋ Ní súi-le gléi-ġeal-a go sil-eaḋ deór Ar ċaill mo śúile a
sighs, Eyes can not keep their brightness without tears. Have mine eyes lost their

Diarmuid.

ngi-le? De níor ċaill Is am-laid táid nó-ġeal ar fad don tsaoġal Is
light then? No, they burn Too brightly for this world of shade and shine. Your

rall.

Moderato.

ġeal do śúil is subaċ do ġái-re fós Ro-ġeal dar liom dár lonn-aḋ
eyes are ov-er bright, your laughter rings Too gail-y for this world of

Gus dáp gceó —
shine and showers—
Cait seal ag scrúd' an dubac an
Think of all gray, remote, and
hait's an éigin Fead
hap-less things, Lost
sca - ta long dámhuigad fé
ships, and fal - len trees, and
droic-tion-óisc —
farewell hours,
'Sbeid dul ded'lonn-rad súi - le
That miss the ver - y words they
tréd' cuid deóir —
meant to say, —
'Sbeid dul ded'lonn-rad súi - le tréd' cuid deóir —
That miss the ver - y words they meant to say. —
mf
Is eist le má - tair tap - laid
Mothers that raise to heaven a
piam gan cloinn —
child-less cry; —
Nó
A
cea - ta-bais-tig'in-áir-eam cúig dat tríd —
rain-bow of five co-lours in the sky —
Nó
A
3

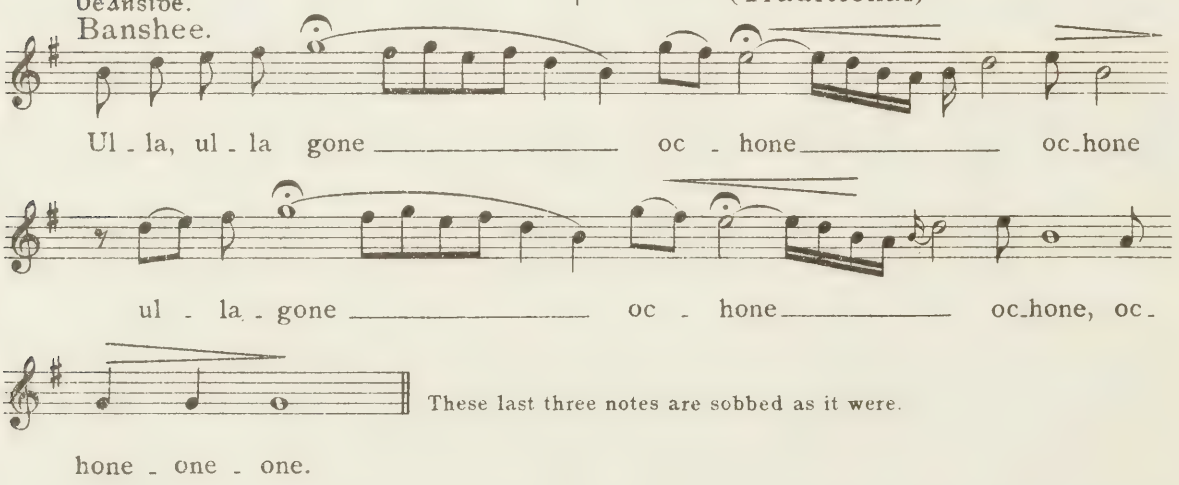
am - a - dán go ngáir - tí lean-baí gaoi Nó scéal gan aird do'n bás ná
wit - less brain that makes the children mirth, A graceless tale that is too
fágaid tré dois Nó peac-ad a tabad ag áil-neact trío an saoigeal Nó
old to die, And beau - ty bring - ing sin up - on the earth. And
peac-ad a tabad ag áil-neact trío an saoigeal.
beauty bringing sin up - on the earth.

caoine.

beansídhe.
Banshee.

Ancient Irish Caoine.

(Traditional)



These last three notes are sobbed as it were.

NB. On the death of my parents, and other members of my family, my Nurse, Mrs Norah Fitz-Patrick, who lived with us for over forty years, wailed this traditional ancient Caoine in her anguish the effect, of which I can never forget, her wringing of hands and sobs to heighten her grief O. B. B.

Muirgheis. (startled)
cresc.
Is this sor - row you would have me know This
wand'-ring voice that cries out side the door?
Banshee.
(Maire's dead body is brought on the stage)
Ul - la, ul - la - gone oc - hone ochone ul - la -
gone oc - hone ochone ochone one one.
Muirgheis. (hurrying to the bier)
O lit - tle sist - er, is it thus you come to bid me
(She bursts into tears and turns to her husband with outstretched hands.)
wel - come home?
O Diarmuid, Diarmuid! Come to

cresc.
cuzam bí dom díon
me, comfort me,
Cad é seo'nn - so 'Na
What thing is this That
Flute.
pp
luíze ap m'azaid a-mac gan caint gan bpiz Is mo deór' az tuit-im air
lies be-fore me here and does not speak, Tho' my tears drop up-on it?
Diarmuid.
Diarmuid (taking her in his arms)
rall.
Ní'l ann act bpón choide Is a leat den gpád.
Why, this is sorrow and the half of love.
colla voce
CÓR NA SIDEÓG. (caillíní.)
Chorus of Fairies (for female voices).
Più moderato.
p
Téan - am linn gan moill go tír na mbeó
Come to that greenland where ever - more
Téan - am linn gan moill go tír na mbeó, go tír na
Come to that greenland where ever - more where ev - er
Téan - am linn gan moill go tír na mbeó, Ó's ceól gan chíoc do bíonn ann oíde' is
Come to that greenland where ever - more One listens to sweet music night and
Trombones, Cymbales and Drums.
f

— Ó's ceól gan éirioċ do bíonn ann oíbċ' is lá — 'Sna
— One listens to sweet music night and day — The
mbeó Ó's ceól gan éirioċ do bíonn ann oíbċ' is lá — 'Sna
more One listens to sweet music night and day — The
lá Ó's ceól gan éirioċ do bíonn ann oíbċ' is lá 'Sna buail-teap cluig san
day One listens to sweet music night and day The bell-branch is not
f
buail-teap cluig san típ úo d'inn-sint sgeól. gluais, gluais —
bell-branch is not shak-en on that shore, that shore —
buail-teap cluig san típ úo d'inn-sint sgeól. 'Sna buail-teap cluig san típ úo d'inn-sint
bell-branch is not shak-en on that shore The bell-branch is not shaken on that
típ úo d'inn-sint sgeól 'Sna buail-teap cluig san típ úo d'inn - sint
shak-en on that shore The bell-branch is not shak - en on that
f
Piccolo.
meno mosso
rit.
rall.
ppp
— Ó! báb an tsuaimnis gluais - se linn go deóiò. —
— O! Beau - ty of all Beau - ty, come a - - way. —
sgeól Ó! báb an tsuaimnis gluais-se linn go deóiò. —
shore O! Beau-ty of all Beauty, come a - - way. —
sgeól Ó! báb an tsuaimnis gluais-se linn go deóiò. —
shore O! Beau-ty of all Beau-ty, come a - - way. —
p
ppp

End of Opera.

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Music

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